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BEFORE AND BEHIND

THE

CURTAIN:

OR

FIFTEEN YEARS' OBSERVATIONS

AMONG

The Theatres of New York.

BY

WILLIAM KNIGHT NORTALL,

AUTHOR OF

"LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE YANKEE HILL."

NEW YORK:

W F. BURGESS, 22 ANN-STREET.

1851.

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BEFORE AND BEHIND

THE

CURTAIN.

THERE are few people of any grade, profession, or belief, who, despite the objections they may have to the stage as an institution *per se*, do not feel an interest in its history, condition, and mysteries. Few who have not felt a desire to lift the curtain which conceals the doings behind the scenes, and revel in the secrets of the Green-Room. A desire to see how the mighty potentates who strut their hour upon the stage demean themselves when they have stepped beyond the confines of their dominions into the world of ordinary life, is natural enough ; and one of the objects of the following pages is to gratify that curiosity, so far as propriety and a true regard for the interests of the stage will warrant. For our own part, we cannot remember the time when we did not feel a lively interest in matters theatrical ; and luckily for our propensity, we have always had an opportunity of indulging it to the top of our bent. Either from a romantic turn of mind, or an impractical character of thought, we have always been pleasantly impressed with plays, shows, and peripatetic exhibitions of all characters and grades. Even at this date, the meridian of our life, we should no more think of passing Punch and Judy than we should of neglecting the most positive

duty of our lives ; and the poor boy who grinds his hurdy-gurdy before our door always finds in us an attentive, if not pleased auditor.

We make this confession of our own weakness (if it be one) at the risk of lowering ourself in the estimation of more staid and solemn dispositions ; but we think the avowal will make our readers aware that with so strong a sympathy with the subjects of our work, they will in no measure be slighted ; and we have therefore chosen to clear ourself of this “perilous stuff” at once.

It was our intention to have given *seriatim* an account of our observation made during a pretty intimate acquaintance with the doings of several of our metropolitan theatres for the past fifteen years ; but a more mature reflection advises us not to mind the order of their going, but to give the events and incidents with which we are acquainted, just as they may happen to arise on the surface of our memory.

The citizens of New York are eminently disposed to patronise dramatic establishments, and I question if there be a city in the world of the same size and population which can exhibit a theatrical prosperity equal to New York. The taste for dramatic entertainments, so far from diminishing, has been growing stronger and stronger. Fifteen years ago, two or three theatres were sufficient to satisfy the demands of the theatre-going people ; whilst now six or seven are hardly sufficient for that purpose—nor would they even be adequate to accommodate their patrons, if negro-minstrelsy establishments did not divide the patronage with them to a very great extent. The money nightly spent in New York upon amusements must be enormous. I am satisfied, if the nightly expenditure by the pleasure-seekers of our metropolis could be nicely calculated and

compared with that spent for the same purpose in cities of twice the size in Europe, New York would be found to be the most lavish in this particular. There are several reasons for this ; and among the most prominent is, I think, our boarding-house system of living. A boarding-house offers very little to make the fireside attractive. There is no domestic purpose in the arrangements of a boarding house, farther than eating, drinking, and sleeping are concerned. The boarders will be polite to each other, and strictly observe the courtesies of life ; but the heart has little to do with this. It is but the cold observance of rules necessary to a selfish comfort and respect ; of divers professions and pursuits of different countries, or from widely separated sections of the same country, there is no bond of union among the lodgers of a boarding-house ; and scarcely anything short of a murder or a suicide has sufficient interest to cause one boarder to feel an interest in what may be occurring to the gentlemen in the next rooms. With such unsympathising materials it is scarcely to be expected that anything like a united family circle can be formed. The consequence is that in the absence of fireside enjoyments the boarders are entirely thrown upon their own resources for amusement. Public places of entertainment offer the readiest means to these poor undomesticated animals ; and I believe a very large proportion of the audiences who nightly assemble at one place or another will be found the unsettled victims of the boarding-house system of living.

Speaking of the dramatic condition of New York, we cannot resist introducing the following spirited and well-written article, which we find in an old number of Blackwood ; for although written for another meridian, London, it contains matter so apropos to theatrical affairs in New York,

that we think it will possess quite as much interest on this as on the other side of the water. "There is nothing more amusing," says our author, "than looking at the play with your back to the stage, something in the way ladies in their drawing-rooms are accustomed to scan the proceedings in the street below, by means of a mirror attached to a shutter of their window. We find the faces of the spectators an excellent camera lucida; nor is there anything connected with play-going in which we can take more delight, than in witnessing the play of feature in a crowded house, and drawing our criticism from the varied expression of a thousand countenances. We can trace in their expression the various classes of playhouse-going people; some who come hither from motives of vanity; others for variety, others again for mere amusement; some to criticise, some because they have no where else to go to kill the enemy; some for one thing, some for another. Behold that dashingly dressed woman, in the private box next the stage, you imagine she is here to see the performance, no such thing; she sees neither actors nor auditors, hears neither the music nor the dialogue; her own play, performer and spectator, in one; her box is the stage on which she plays her frivolous part; every turn of her head is a dramatic point with her, every movement of her fan a situation, every change of posture a study of attitude; with what affectation of coyness she half appears and half retires behind the drapery of her box; how gracefully she flirts her book of the opera, and with what vulgar pertinacity she stares through the double-barrelled opera-glass, at a citizen's wife and daughter on t'other side of the house. You think that ill-bred; but, heaven help you! fixity and coolness of stare belong to females—ladies, we should have said, of fashion.

She talks and laughs aloud, too, that the house may take notice she is one of those who do as they please. She grins perpetually, not in gaiety of heart, but that she may show her teeth. Don Whiskerandos, who sits behind, keeps his nose-tip close to her ears, whispering, I know not what, whilst ever and anon she flourishes her head as if a flea or something nastier, probably, had got into her ear, but laughs the while as though the whisperings of the Don were shockingly amusing. Look at her again, and say if any among God's creatures makes so near approach to the unreasoning brute as a foolish woman; or tell me if that poor creature does not, at this moment, imitate the antics of a monkey on a pole, a magpie on a rail, or a peacock on a garden wall.

"Turn we now to the pit—the portentous pit, sacred to critics, with power to save or damn! Have the goodness, will you, to point us out a critic? Certainly: that man in the fourth row from the orchestra, with the pepper and salt hair, staring like bristles on a hog's back; or to speak poetically, "like angels visits, few and far between;" him, I mean, with the green spectacles, snuffy nose, and complexion which seems to have derived no advantage on the reduction of duty on soap; he is a critic. You see with what intensity his eyes are fixed upon the stage, one hand at the back of his ear, lest a syllable should escape him, the other grasping a book of the play, now, for the first time, being performed; and the whole expression of his critical countenance is, that of an anxiety to find fault, and a desire to convince you that he thinks he is thinking.

"The days are gone, however, when the theatrical *quid-nunc* was a man of note, a name of great authority. When reporters of parliamentary debates were not, and the break-

fast tables of the town were as yet unflooded with deluges of senatorial water-gruel, thinner and more mawkish than that absolutely delivered by the absolute potentates of Somerset House, the theatre was the talking-stock of the town; playgoers were as important as politicians; in the coffee-houses and the chocolate-houses, theatrical critics, great as junior lords of the treasury, and those who could go behind the scenes as consequential as bed-chamber-women in the late ministry. In those days a new play was an event, as a new tax in ours, though attended with very different sensations; then it was not what will Pitt do, or what will Fox say? but what will Sheridan write, and how will Kemble play? then it was not what new bill will be brought in, but what new farce will be brought out? then, people talked as now, of the House and the Treasury, but never troubled themselves with the houses of Westminster, or the treasury at Whitehall! The newspapers of those days, instead of telling us for our comfort, every morning, that we were all going to the dogs, would devote the leading article to invite us all to go to the play; in those Elysian days the Senate kept their door closed, and spouted at one another across the table, and nobody cared to hear a syllable, knowing, as we know now, that the end of all their oratory is taxation; whereas the theatres furnished us with something or other worth hearing over night and conversing upon in the morning, without costing us anything more than the price of our admission, and there is the end on't. Why is it not so now? Why are we bored beyond human endurance, by newspaper reports of parliamentary speeches, German miles in length, while the theatrical business of the nation, much more amusing, and not one-fiftieth so expensive, is shoved away into obscure corners of our daily prints?

"The palmy days of theatrical critics, alas! are gone; and let the critics themselves go with them. Let us ascend into the galleries and look about us; curious it is among the gods, to watch the reflection in the faces of the unsophisticated spectators of what is going on upon the stage; the unmoved and stoical look of the smock-fröcked clown, and stupid stare of wonder of his female companion; one glance at them suffices to show that no ray of intellectual light can ever penetrate their hide-bound skulls; they came for the pantomime, and the antics of Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaleon, and Clown, make to them the highest attraction of the drama; upon them all the exertions of the first performers are utterly thrown away. Then there is the moustached life-guardsman, stiff, erect, with an 'eyes-right'-expression of countenance, and military stolidity of face, yet, let a flourish of trumpets be heard, or a stage combat attract his attention, then watch how his countenance lightens, his eye flashes, and the spirit of the British soldier is developed. Let Keeley, with his half stupid, doubly comical stare, appear upon the scene, not half so diverting is the stare of Keeley, as the universal grin of a well-filled house, reminding us of a gleam of sunshine playing upon the surface of the waters, or to speak theatrically, like the sudden rising of the foot-lights. Or let Harley, dancing upon tip-toe across the stage, show his face whereon Momus has set his seal, how hearty the guffaws which cachinnate round the regions occupied by the divinities—with what intense gratification do not the gods contemplate this mirth-inspiring man."

Verily, a student of human life and character will find as much food before as behind the curtain.

Talking of behind the curtain reminds us of our first intro-

duction into that mysterious region—that manufactory of mimic worlds, whose conjurors in fustian jackets and paper caps, without the aid of Aladdin's lamp, change you a forest into a front parlor, a desert into a dining-room, a stormy ocean into a flower garden, a palace into a den of thieves, on the sound of a boatswain's whistle. When a boy, *who* has not longed for his introduction behind the scenes, and who has not a latent longing to be behind the scenes, even when grown up to the stature of a man. *Behold the scenes!* There is deep meaning in these three words, whether we take them metaphorically or literally. At last, however, we attained the object of our ambition; our friend Sheridan Knowles, with his usual overflowing good nature, gave us the entree. Had the state entrance been open to us we could not have felt more honored than when admitted to the only door where hitherto we had been denied admission. Saluting with profound respect, a group of gentlemen with sallow and rather pallid faces, in whom we thought we saw kings, ghosts, bandits, conspirators, and what not in undress, we entered the house; groping our way through a series of dark labyrinthine passages, sprinkled with saw-dust, and draped with festoons of cobwebs, gracefully disposed, we came at length upon a strange portentous vault, fitted with racks, wheels, pullies, hawsers, and divers instruments of torture; surely, thought we, these are the Tartarian shades of the theatre, where ghosts, dramatic and melo-dramatic, sprites, bottle, and other imps, are condemned to inhabit. While pondering upon the uses of the intricate machinery, an ethereal being, clothed in white, who, we were informed, represented an attending sprite, engaged in conversation with a gnome in a blue pasteboard head-piece, with saucer eyes, who was engaged busily in eating bread and cheese,

with radishes, of which the attendant sprite readily partook. Going up-stairs, we were detained by a violent altercation between Jupiter, who was gorgeously dressed, with a magnificent gilt paper crown, and gems of real paste, and one of the carpenters, charged with having fastened a bundle of shavings to the thunderer's rear, thereby exposing the majesty of Olympus to the mockery of vulgar mortals. The culprit, to our unfeigned horror, addressed the father of the gods in a most irreverent manner, inviting him to proceed immediately to a certain place, until now we understood was tenanted, not by the gods, but gentlemen of the opposite benches. At the top of the stair stood Mercury, his *caduceus* in one hand and a pot of porter in the other; we have heard of

“The herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill”—

but Mercury with a pot of porter was a novelty. Endeavoring to pass between the messenger of Jove and the wall, we happened to strike against the thunder—a thin plate of sheet-iron hanging on a nail against the wall, emitting at our touch an awful sound; close by an imp was grinding a white substance which we were told was powdered lightning. Passing towards the *flat*, by which you are to understand the scene crossing the middle of the stage, those at either side being termed *wings*, a carpenter tapped our shoulders, expressing his pleasure at our arrival, and intimating his readiness to accept the customary “footing,” as he called it, of a gallon of beer. Having satisfied this gentleman we proceeded towards the green-room, encountering by the way the person who played clown in the pantomime, complaining bitterly to the stage manager of Columbine, who had “spoiled” him, or in other words, rubbed half the paint

from his face, in return for some rather exceptional familiarities, in which the clown had thought proper to indulge, to the exquisite indignation of Columbine aforesaid. In the green-room we found an individual of grave deportment and majestic air, talking very loud, apparently proprietor of the theatre, and all that was therein; on enquiring, however, we discovered that the great man was the low comedian of the house, enjoying the trifling salary of forty pounds a week, and considering that the chief talent of this gentleman is in grimacing and shrugging his shoulders, we could not help thinking his remuneration by no means inadequate. A tall, tallow-faced young lady, of about five and thirty, in a shabby bonnet and shawl, was detailing her theatrical grievances in a high key, to a lackadaisical young man, who assented to everything the young lady said with a nod, and saying nothing in return, which, indeed, was impossible, the tallow-faced young lady talking in a loud tragedy rant, without the slightest intermission. In the corner of the room sat a pretty girl in a very short tunic, with flesh colored silks, and ringlets running down her back, busily engaged in reading a series of little three-cornered billets, occasionally raising her eyes and stealing a glance at an opposite mirror. We cannot say we observed much of that good fellowship and familiar intercourse among the brethren and sisters of the green-room which we had been led to expect; on the contrary, we thought there appeared much ceremony and coolness in their intercourse; the cause of our disappointment in this matter we leave to wiser heads than ours to determine.

The theatrical character of New York has very materially changed within the last fifteen years. The erection of the National Theatre, and the brilliant success which

marked its course under the management of *the* Wallack, was an event of much interest in the annals of theatricals here. The National was the first rival worthy of the name, Old Drury had ever had to dispute its supremacy in dramatic affairs. The Bowery Theatre, although eminently successful under the management of Mr. Hamblin, catered for a different class of people, and had no more influence upon the fortunes of the Park than if it had never been in existence. With excusable vanity, the bill-boards of the Park, standing side by side with those of the National, still continued to style the Park "*The Theatre*," sturdily denying, or rather obstinately refusing to recognize any other establishment. It was found necessary, however, after a while, to give it a more distinct appellation, and it was, until its final destruction, called "*The Park Theatre*." Simpson was often urged to bestir himself to meet the effect of the opposition which was gradually encroaching upon his long-enjoyed dominions, but, like Nelson at Trafalgar, he put the glass to his blind eye and would not see the signals; but unlike the hero of the Nile, his determined blinding did not result in victory. It was not so much apathy on the part of Mr. Simpson, as a mistaken confidence in the name, character, and long standing of the Park, which rendered him apparently an indifferent spectator of the successful career of his skilful opponent, for when, in the course of time, he found the fortunes of his establishment beginning to falter, he was galvanised into a sort of vitality, and engaged some negro minstrels. This was jumping from Scylla to Charybdis with a vengeance. But to return—Flynn and Willard were now the first lessees of the National Theatre, after the failure of the Italian Opera. Their career, however,

was very short. Flynn, among others he engaged whilst in London, was William Mitchell, afterwards for so many years the able and accomplished manager of the Olympic Theatre. The National afterwards fell into the able hands of James Wallack, who managed it with consummate skill and brilliant success until its destruction by fire in the month of September, 1839. The destruction of the National exercised such an influence upon theatrical affairs in New York, and was productive, as will be hereafter seen, of such extraordinary changes in the dramatic entertainments in the city, that, for purposes which will be seen in the course of this work, I shall here give a well-authenticated history of the burning of the establishment.

We were on our way to New York, with the purpose of seeing Charles Keen in the character of Richard the Third, when we received the melancholy intelligence that the National Theatre was in flames. The first appearance of fire in the theatre, says our authority, was discovered a little before 5 P. M., by a person in the street, who observed smoke issuing from the windows and doors in Leonard Street, and immediately gave the alarm, the report flying like lightning through the city. It is worthy of notice that this precise time is the only period of the day and night in which a fire could by any possibility occur in any part of the theatre without being immediately discovered, and in all probability extinguished, as at all other times there were a great many people on the premises, up to the close of the performances, when the watchmen commence duty, and their rounds through the building were so arranged, that they visited every part of it at least once in thirty minutes.

One of the first persons who entered the theatre was Mr. Mitchell, who states that, whilst looking from the window of his house in White Street, on the afternoon of the fire, he saw smoke arising from the house in the direction of the theatre; he instantly ran towards Leonard Street, and, to his horror, found the theatre was on fire. He then endeavored to enter the theatre by the stage door, but found it fastened on the inside, which was quite contrary to the usual practice; he immediately made towards the lowest window in the theatre, which was immediately over the pit door, and by the assistance of a stranger was lifted up to it, but that also was fastened. By breaking the glass, he managed to open it, and in that way gained admission. He then opened the door leading to the stage, hoping to gain Mr. Wallack's room, and save the engagements and other private papers, but found the stage, with the curtains, wings, scenes, and borders all in flames, and he was driven back. He then, with the assistance of Mr. H. Wallack and other gentlemen, cleared the room and broke into the lobby, from which they saved the pier glasses, piano forte, and marble slabs. By this time the flames raged so furiously on all sides, that, at the earnest request of Mr. Wallack, who had reached the building, they left the theatre.

Mr. Everard, the housekeeper, who lived on the premises, states that he ran down the stage on the first alarm, and proceeded in the direction of the gas room, which was directly under the proscenium, and adjoining the first entrance, which opened in Leonard Street. At this moment the flames burst forth with such violence, that it was with the greatest difficulty he escaped, being "chased," as he described it, to the foot of the stairs leading to the stage, from the stage-door in Leonard Street, the back of his

head and ears being severely burned. He proceeded at once to his dwelling-room, which was over the stage door, and with great difficulty got his wife into the street.

By this time, short as it was, the flames had got such ascendancy that no hope remained of saving the building. Some few dresses and properties were saved from those dressing-rooms which had windows opening into the street, but unfortunately the stock wardrobe, the most complete and gorgeous collection of costumes in America, were totally destroyed.

The flames now burst forth with awful violence from the roof, and such was the intensity of the heat at that time, that the roofs of the African church, in Leonard Street, the splendid French church, in Franklin Street, the Dutch church, also in Franklin Street, and four dwellings, took fire almost at the same moment. The awful grandeur of the scene at this time it is impossible to describe. We never beheld anything surpassing in splendor the appearance of the interior of the theatre, which was filled with a living sea of flames, dashing its frightful waves on all sides, and then rising in immense columns towards the sky, while every opening round the splendid area vomited forth fire.

The African, French, and Dutch churches were speedily destroyed, and also four dwelling-houses in the neighborhood. From the most authentic sources, we have with much difficulty obtained the following particulars of the principal losses at the theatre, which may be relied on as correct.

Stock wardrobe,	\$8,000
Stock properties,	4,900
Scenes,	8,000
James Wallack's wardrobe,	8,500

Henry Wallack's wardrobe,	\$2,000
Actors private property,	3,750
Musical instruments,	2,090
Music,	1,500
Furniture,	2,500
New decorations,	3,500
Total,	\$44,750

This loss is entirely independent of the loss of the building and the standing property in the theatre.

Among the actors, Mr. Henry Wallack appears to 'be the heaviest loser. Mr. Vandenhoff's wardrobe was with the greatest difficulty preserved, with the exception of some splendid Roman togas and suits of scale and chain armor. Mr. Wallack lost his entire wardrobe—the collection of a life ;—this loss was irreparable. Mrs. Russell was a severe sufferer. Her dresses were of that peculiar character which it was impossible to replace in this country, which, being mostly genuine costumes of the past century, and most valuable to an actress in her line of business. It was reported at the time of the fire, that Everard, the housekeeper, lost five hundred dollars, but we believe there was no truth in the rumor.

A strict enquiry was instituted as to the origin of the fire, and although nothing was elicited calculated to fix beyond doubt the act of incendiarism on any one individual, most persons connected with the establishment had very little doubts upon the subject. That it was the act of an incendiary there can be no question. We shall pursue the account of this lamentable affair still farther, for the destruction of the National, and the distribution of the members of the company, has influenced the dramatic character of New York to this day. Our account of the affair

is taken from documents loaned us by Mr. Mitchell, and the utmost confidence can be placed upon its relation. We copy the following from the papers, to which we refer.

“The destruction of the National Theatre, although it has fallen most severely at this moment upon those who are professionally engaged in the establishment, is not confined in its ill effects to them alone. If this calamity should break up the talented company which is now gathered together, and separate them, the onward progress of the drama in this country will be retarded for years. The public will be deprived, in a great measure, of the most popular, valuable, and instructive of all amusements, while the profession themselves will return to that dependence upon the humors of the managers, from which nothing but a spirited opposition and fair rivalry protects them.

“In proof of this latter position, we put it to the company engaged at the Park Theatre, whether it be not immensely to their advantage, that another theatre of the first class should exist? Nay, more,—whether the success which attended the National Theatre, did not prove an essential advantage to them, placing them in their proper station—that is, dependent on their talent, and independent of the tyranny and caprice of their managers, who, knowing that another field was open to them, were forced to act liberally and honorably to their actors, to prevent their seeking engagements elsewhere.

“The loss which the public will feel, if only one theatre exists, will be evident to all. In place of the splendid performances we have lately witnessed at both the theatres, supported by such a combination of talent, which cannot be surpassed in Europe, we shall have to return to the dull and uninteresting exhibitions of one star and an inefficient

company, which will be offered to the public, with Hobson's choice, 'That, or none.'

"On the other hand, let such a theatre as should adorn the first city in the country, be erected, and placed under the direction of Mr. Wallack, who has already incontrovertibly proved himself fully competent to manage such an establishment as it should be, and New York will possess, as she should do, a temple for the drama worthy of her own high rank among the cities of the Western world.

"Thus much to the public, who will, we feel confident, never forsake that manager and company who have already done so much for the cause of the drama, and whose successful career has been so suddenly checked."

The kind feeling which was entertained towards Mr. Wallack and his company by the press of New York is evinced in the following remarks:—"We shall not urge the claims Mr. Wallack has upon the sympathies of that public he has served so many years with satisfaction to them, and credit to himself. As an actor, they admire him; as a manager, they know his talents; and as a man, all who know him, honor and respect him.

"Among his professional brethren he has passed his life on such terms as speak more highly for the good qualities of his heart, than any praise we could bestow might do. From the star to the super, all think well of him, and we venture to say, that no man in the profession has 'acted his part' through life better than James Wallack.

"A few words to the members of the company, and we have done. Five days have only passed since you were in the full tide of success, gathered together in the most complete and comfortable theatre in America, strong in numbers and rich in talent; in a few short hours, your temple

was destroyed, and the greater portion of your worldly goods lost to you forever. A severe blow, it is true, but not such as should create despair in the minds of MEN. The theatre and property you have lost were upheld by professional talent and good management. The talent is yours—your manager is still among you—that public who supported you in prosperity will not forsake you in adversity. Be true to yourselves, and they will be true to you. Let no personal sacrifice, which may be necessary for a time, induce you to desert your ranks; remember that union is strength, and with the strength you possess while united, you can recover your former position very speedily. Let not the advantage offered you for a few days make you forget the ultimate advantage that must arise from firmness at this moment. Once more, we say, be true to each other, and prosper.”

To those who do not recollect how meanly a certain rival establishment endeavored to engage members of the National company, whilst the smoke was still ascending from the burning remains of their own temple, will not fully appreciate the force of the above appeal, but to those who feel, as we did, an interest in all connected with this melancholy catastrophe, and a pride in seeing the National company bravely true to their manager in his trouble, its appropriateness and feeling will be understood.

In a few days after the destruction of the National, Mr. Wallack received the following letter :—

MONDAY EVENING, 10 o'clock.

SIR,—The management of the Park Theatre, feeling for the calamity that has overtaken the many persons attached to the National Theatre, by the unfortunate conflagration

of that edifice, avails itself of the first moment to offer to them the theatre for a free benefit on such a night after Tuesday, as you or they may prefer. The entire proceeds, without deduction, will be paid to such a committee as the sufferers may appoint, for distribution among them. An early reply is requested, that the night may be announced immediately.

E. SIMPSON.

J. W. WALLACK, Esq.

Now let be borne in mind, that Messrs. Simpson and Price have been on terms of the greatest intimacy for a period of twenty years with Mr. Wallack—that Mr. Simpson is, by marriage, closely allied to him—that to the exertion of his professional talent, they are indebted for those thousands and tens of thousands of dollars, which they now possess, and let any man with a heart not all stone, say whether the above cold, formal, and unfeeling epistle was such as he should have received from them; not one kind word of consolation, not even the friendly words used to address an acquaintance of a month's standing, beginning Sir, and ending with a strictly formal and official E. Simpson.

At a time like this, when the labors of a life was lost—when the golden reward for which he had striven for the past two years, was dashed to earth in a moment—such a letter, from such a man, was heartless and disgusting.

Mr. Wallack himself was not even alluded to, his company alone was named, and therefore he answered it briefly, and rightly too, thus:—

ASTOR HOUSE, 11 o'clock, Monday night.

SIR:—

I acknowledge the receipt of your letter this evening. I have just handed it to Mr. Mitchell, who will communicate

with you, doubtless, when he has shown it to those whom it concerns.

JAMES W. WALLACK.

E. SIMPSON, Esq.

He handed the letter he received from "E. Simpson" to Mr. Mitchell, in order that the company might act upon it as they thought best. Mr. Mitchell immediately called a meeting of all the gentlemen attached to the theatre; at which meeting, he read the letter to them, and put the question whether it was such an offer as they, bearing in mind the esteem and gratitude they owed Mr. Wallack, and the respect due to their own characters, they could accept. This was answered by an universal negative; and the following reply was forwarded to Mr. Simpson:—

4 White street, 24th Sept., 1839.

SIR:—

Your note, addressed to the management of the late National Theatre, having been read to a full meeting of the company, I am desired, on their part, respectfully to decline it. On the part of the company,

I have the honor to be, sir, yours,

W. MITCHELL.

E. SIMPSON, Esq.

Mr. Henry Wallack briefly addressed the company, and called upon them to recollect how much they owed his brother for the manner in which he had conducted the theatre, and the high station he had enabled them to occupy among the dramatic companies of America; he called upon them to be true to each other, and to have that confidence in the sympathy and support of the public, which was never withheld when it was deserved.

Mr. Salter said that he had but lately joined them, but he for one had resolved never to forsake Mr. Wallack until that gentleman himself declined to be his manager.

This address was responded to heartily by every individual in the room, and it was proposed and carried unanimously, to forward Mr. Wallack an assurance of their steadfast and unbroken faith in him, and their determination still to remain under his direction and control, depending on their own exertions and his management to recover the position which, by this awful calamity, they had lost.

A letter was then forwarded to Mr. Wallack, expressing the entire and unalterable confidence of every member of the company in him, and their determination to remain under his management until he himself declared no hope remained.

Before noon on Tuesday, application was made to Mr. Charles Kean to make an engagement, but that gentleman with the utmost generosity declined all offers, declaring his fixed determination not to play at any theatre until he could do so under Mr. Wallack.

Mr. Seguin, and indeed all the stars engaged at the National, have also expressed the same feelings towards their former manager. On the Thursday following, a meeting of the friends of Mr. Wallack took place at the Astor House. The dining-room in the north wing of that house was filled by one of the most respectable assemblies we ever saw in New York. At about fifteen minutes after eight it was proposed that Major Noah should take the chair, which proposition was carried *nem con*, and Mr. Epes Sergeant and Mr. Otis were appointed secretaries.

General Sandford then rose and addressed the meeting to the following effect :—

“Mr. Chairman, it is not necessary that I should do more than simply state to this meeting the particular cause for which we have met here this evening; the circumstances are too well known to render detail at all necessary. We have just witnessed one of those distressing calamities with which our city has been so frequently visited of late years which in its effects tends not only to produce much misery and suffering to individuals, but seriously to injure the cause of literature and the drama. We have seen the most splendid temple of the drama, where we lately witnessed the most intellectual performances, reduced in a few hours to ashes; and all the hopes of him who had brought these performances to such perfection, crushed in a single moment, and brought to naught.

“Under these distressing-circumstances we are called together, not only to sympathise with the head of that establishment, but to endeavor, as far as lies in our power, to alleviate his affliction, and remedy his loss (cheers.)

“For upwards of twenty years Mr. Wallack has been known to the New Yorkers as a most talented and admirable artist—but this is not all—his sterling worth as a man had endeared him to all who knew him, and drawn around him a host of friends, very many of whom I now see in this room (cheers.)

“Up to the time that Mr. Wallack commenced the management of the National, it had always been an unprofitable theatre, and he did so against the advice of many of his friends, who feared the result. He commenced with great spirit, and struggled through the first season, at the end of which, however, he had incurred a heavy loss; yet his spirit was unbroken. He visited Europe, engaged the best musical talent there, returned, and produced the best

operative entertainments ever known in America. The second season was most prosperous ; again he increased his company—all looked bright, all promised fair—when in a moment the cup is dashed from his lips, and all is lost.

“ It should afford us much pleasure, Mr. Chairman, to find that this splendid company, instead of being separated and broken up, still remaining entire and united. A temporary home is already found them, till a theatre more fitting and worthy this great metropolis is built for them. We are, therefore, not met here simply to sympathise with Mr. Wallack, but further to devise the best means whereby we may place him once more in that station he has shown himself so competent to fill (loud cheers.)

“ I know, aye, we all know, that this city can and will support a theatre such as we ought to possess, if it be conducted as we all know Mr. Wallack can and will conduct it (renewed cheers.) I will, with your permission, propose a few resolutions on which, when the opinion of the meeting is taken, we shall be better able to judge the best course for us to pursue, in order to carry into effect the object we have in view.

“ 1. *Resolved*, That this meeting deeply sympathise with Mr. James W. Wallack, in the heavy loss sustained by the destruction of the National Theatre by fire, and bear willing testimony to his enterprise, zeal, and liberality, in engaging the very best talent that England or this country could afford, and also to the highly respectable orderly manner in which he discharged the arduous duties of manager of that establishment.

“ 2. *Resolved*, That this meeting learn with pleasure that the eminent talent secured for the National Theatre, instead of being broken and dispersed, is still concentrated

and united, and will appear the ensuing week at the new theatre in Niblo's Garden.

"3. *Resolved*, That we will continue to support Mr. Wallack and his company at that house, with the same cordiality of feeling and good will that have been manifested towards him while presiding over the National Theatre.

"4. *Resolved*, That the time has arrived when a metropolitan theatre, corresponding with the wealth and population of this metropolis, should be erected on a suitable and convenient site, and that a committee of *ten* citizens be appointed to take the whole subject into consideration, to receive propositions for the same; also plans and designs, and to devise the necessary ways and means to carry into immediate effect the intentions of this meeting, and when said theatre has been decided upon, and the necessary means for its completion adopted, it be placed under the management of Mr. Wallack.

"5. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the chairman and secretaries to Mr. Wallack in behalf of this meeting.

"The following gentlemen were elected a committee under the fourth resolution.

Philip Hone,
Samuel Ward, Jun.
S. B. Ruggles,
Robert Emmet,
Gerard Costar,
C. Mauran,

M. M. Noah,
Epes Sergeant,
J. Prescott Hall,
D. E. Tyler,
Thomas D. Davis,
James F. Otis,

Anthony Barclay.

"It was then on motion resolved, that the proceedings of

this meeting be published in the newspapers of the day.

"The meeting then adjourned to meet at the same place this day week, to receive the report of the committee.

M. M. NOAH, Chairman.

"JAMES F. OTIS, } Secretaries."
"EPES SERGEANT, }

After the meeting had adjourned, a very large sum was immediately subscribed towards taking stock in the new theatre.

Exactly a week after the burning of the National, Mr. Wallack's company played at Niblo's Garden; on which occasion Mr. Charles Kean appeared as Richard the Third, and Yankee Hill made his first appearance on the same evening, after his return from Europe.

That the company engaged by Mr. Wallack was beyond all comparison the most efficient and talented corps ever belonging to any theatre in America, does not admit of a doubt. Believing that a complete list of this company will possess an interest to a great number of our readers, we subjoin a carefully preserved list, complete in every department.

JAMES W. WALLACK, Esq., *Lessee and Manager.*

WILLIAM MITCHELL, Esq., *Stage Manager.*

JAMES SMITH, Esq., *Treasurer.*

Gentlemen,

FORREST,*

C. KEAN,*

VANDENHOFF,*

WILSON,*

SEGUIN,*

H. WALLACK,

BROWNE,

W. H. WILLIAMS,

LAMBERT,

SLATER,

JAMIESON,

J. WALLACK, Jun

HORNCastle,

NEAFIE,

ANDREWS,	ROGERS,
POWELL,	BALDOCK,
WALTON,	BUNNER,
GILBERT,	NEWTON,
EVERARD, <i>Housekeeper</i> ,	BURNETT,
STUART, <i>Call Boy</i> ,	BRANTHWAITE, <i>Messenger</i> ,
Prompter, FERRERS.	

Ladies,

MISS SHERRIFF,*	MISS VANDENHOFF,*
MRS. H. WALLACK,	MRS. BAILEY,
MISS MONIER,	MRS. SEFTON,
MISS AYRES,	MRS. RUSSELL,
MRS. PLUMER,	MRS. ROGERS.

Chorus,

DUGGAN, <i>Cho. Mast.</i>	MRS. COAD,
THORNTON,	FERRERS,
KAVANAGH,	BALDOCK,
R. DUGGAN,	EVERARD,
PURNELL,	THORNTON,
SOLOMAN,	BURNETT,
COAD,	TAYLOR,
WILLIAMS,	SINGLETON,
MEYERS,	GAULT.

Orchestra,

McINTOSH, <i>Leader</i> ,	AMBROSE, <i>Repetiteur</i> ,
SCHEMLING, <i>Repetiteur</i> ,	DOWNE, <i>Flute</i> ,
REBAS, <i>Oboe</i> ,	MASON, <i>Trumpet</i> ,
PLANE, <i>Trombone</i> ,	OTTO,
MEYERS,	SMITH,
TONAS,	CHEVALIER, <i>Violin</i> ,
CHRISTIEN, <i>Clarionette</i>	BRISTOW,
AUPICK, <i>Horn</i> ,	CASTINO,
HERBERT,	LODER,
MEYER,	DODSWORTH,
CASSOLANI, <i>ContraBasso</i> ,	TYTE, <i>First Violin</i> .

Box Book Keepers,

TOOMER,	ROCKETT.
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Box Keepers,

BURNETT,	SWEENEY,
JONES,	BURLING,

Carpenters,

HARDWICK, <i>Master,</i>	CHARLES,
CORNELL,	

Wardrobe,

TAYLOR,	MRS. LEWIS.
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Paint Room,

BENGOUGH, <i>Artist,</i>	WHEATLEY, <i>Assistant,</i>
WARDELL, <i>Assistant.</i>	

Property Room,

DEJONGE,	WILLIAMS,
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Gas,

TODD,	SANDS, <i>Assistant.</i>
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Stage Door Keeper,

LARRY.

Those marked thus * are stars.

There was a great deal of sympathy felt by the public for Mr. Wallack and his company, and when, on the Monday following, they appeared at Niblo's, the theatre was crowded to overflowing to greet them in their new house. Mr. Kean opened with Richard the III., and Yankee Hill, his first appearance after his return from Europe, made up the bill of the evening. Vandenhoff followed the engagement of Mr. Kean. The opera of Gustavus was produced here in magnificent style, the principal characters sustained by Miss Sherriff, Wilson, Seguin, and a powerful chorus. Niblo's was taken only as a temporary refuge, for it was inadequate at the prices to pay with such an expensive company as Mr. Wallack had the honor of directing, until the promised Metropolitan Theatre should be built. So long a time was occupied in the consideration of the preliminary steps, that

the committee, to use a theatrical phrase, missed the "tip," and the hot sympathy of the public was allowed to cool before the iron was struck. When Mr. Wallack saw there was no prospect of the promised temple going up he disbanded his company. He deserved great credit for the persevering manner in which he kept it together, and the company itself equal praise for their firm adherence to the fortunes of their manager, so long as there was even the dimmest prospect of his becoming the manager of another theatre. After Niblo's had closed, Mr. Wallack played a short engagement at the Chatham. The most melancholy evening we ever passed at a theatre was on the first occasion we went to the Chatham and saw Mr. Wallack *there*. Not all his admirable acting could dissipate the sorrow we felt to see him at the Chatham, under the depressing circumstances which drove him to seek an engagement at that establishment. It might have been the reflex of our own feeling, but we thought he appeared struggling with a weight of sorrow which not even the actor's art could conceal. In a short time after this Mr. Wallack returned to England, as also did Miss Sherrieff, who has since, as we are informed, happily married, and retired from public life. Wilson, on his return home, lectured upon Scottish Minstrelsy, and made a handsome fortune. He returned to this country in 1849, but in the summer of that year was attacked by the cholera in Montreal, and there died. Seguin and his wife remained here, and are in New York at the present time. They have been eminently successful in their operatic engagements in various parts of the United States. Brown and Horncastle joined Mr. Mitchell when he took the Olympic, as did Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Bailey.

A BY-GONE.

To those who remember the National in those days, we offer no apology for taking them back and giving them a shadowy sketch of their old favorites as they appeared at the rehearsal of *La Gazza Ladra*. Imagine yourselves snugly ensconced, and all by ourselves, in the boxes. You are surprised to find it so dark, eh? How different the house looks now, and when brilliant with gas and bright eyes. The people on the stage flit about in the gloom almost like shadows. The gentlemen of the orchestra look like pale prisoners in some cell, and the sickly-looking gas lights throw strange shadows round them. But let us see what they are doing on the stage. Seated at that table with a green cover on the O. P. side, sits Mitchell, the stage manager. He has before him sundry parts, papers, and play bills. The two sperm candles in japanned candlesticks are brightly reflected from the top of his head—Mitchell is growing bald.

On the P. S., at nearly a similar table, sits a mysterious looking individual—pale, with a prominent eye, and a stern appearance all over his head—'tis Mr. Ferrers, the Prompter. He rises and walks, or rather glides up the stage with long steps; then, with redundant action, and in solemn tones, he directs certain ladies with straw bonnets, green veils, and very small shawls when, and how, and where to move about the stage; then suddenly turning to a stout man, in his shirt-sleeves, he says, slowly,—“Mr. Hatch, I shall want a Gothic porch at the second wing, O. P.” He returns to his table and marks his copy. Under that *elegant*

chandelier, formed of two pieces of wood nailed across, and illuminated by four bed-room lamps, and suspended by a crooked wire, stands Seguin, with a roll of music. On the right of him, and nearer the front, is Wilson; on the left Morley, both with umbrellas. Beside Mitchell, at the table, is Mrs. Bayley; and between the table and the stage sits Miss Sherriff, looking over the score of the opera, as Horn-castle, who is standing by, turns over the leaves. But hark! Penson raps the little rolled piece of tin in front of him, and says—"Now, ladies and gentlemen," then with a bow gives his time to the orchestra, occasionally calling out sharply, "Chorus," "Annette," "Flute," "Albert," "Chorus," "Forte," "Piano," &c.; and then suddenly rapping the aforesaid tin violently the singers cease, and he exclaims, "No, no, gentlemen, that won't do—try that passage once more."—"That's better."—"Aye, we'll be able to manage that next time." Miss Sherriff has a solo: why does she limp so as she walks. Hush! she calls Mitchell. "Mr. Mitchell!" "Well, my dear," (stage managers always say my dear to the ladies.) "Where am I, Mr. Mitchell?" "You are about here, my dear," replies Mitchell, placing her near the centre, "and you come down on this side to sing." "Yes, yes, I see now," says the representative of Annette. Penson raps his tin once more, and again the theatre resounds with music. But here, with one arm a-kimbo, and in his right hand three or four letters, which as he walks he slaps against his thigh, comes the manager, James Wallack; he moves his hat and smiles, crosses the stage, falls into an attitude and laughs, jokes, and does the amiable to the ladies, talks a minute with Mitchell, arranges a tableaux in another minute, says something good by way of getting up an exit, and leaves the stage. They are singing the

finale, let us go. Of this goodlie company Wilson and Penson are dead, Wallack is in London, Sherriff married and retired from the stage, Mitchell invalided, Mrs. Bailey a teacher of music, Seguin alone remaining in his profession among us. Another little story connected with the old National company we may as well relate here.

THE TRUMPET AND THE TROMBONE.—A rather novel case was tried in the Marine Court of New York, in which a member of the National Theatre orchestra was one of the parties, and the proprietor of the Refectory at the corner of Leonard and Church Streets the other. The suit was instituted for the purpose of recovering \$9 54, the amount of an account for certain and divers quantities of pork and beans, furnished the Trombone by the Refectory, at the request of the Trumpet, whose name was Conduit, and whose wife leaped into a temporary notoriety on the occasion of the "Wood affair" at the Park.

The circumstances under which the bill was contracted are somewhat novel and amusing. When the Maid of Cashmere was first brought out at the National Theatre, then under the management of Flynn & Willard, the principal parties in this transaction were engaged in the orchestra. The defendant was but an indifferent master of his instrument, and could not blow a blast sufficiently strong to announce the approach of Chopelas to proclaim the reward for the head of the unknown. He was therefore under the necessity of applying to the Trombone. Now the Trombone was inordinately fond of pork and beans, and refused to aid the Trumpet unless upon every such occasion he would agree to furnish him with a supper of his favorite dish. This was readily acceded to, and the Refectory (plaintiff)

was applied to and did furnish the fare. For the first two or three nights all went on very well. At the end of that time the Trumpet began to entertain serious views of dissolving the connection with the Trombone, and of course cutting off the supplies of pork and beans. In a moment of rashness the Trumpet gave the warning to the Trombone, and essayed to give this piece of music unaided. But, alas! the first tang-arang was a failure—it was too thin. “Pork!” cried the Trumpet to the Trombone, and at the same instant the two instruments gave forth a beautiful tang-arang-rang. But in an instant the Trombone remembered that nothing had been said about “beans;” he suddenly ceased playing. “Beans,” said the Trumpet. “Pork and beans?” asked the Trombone. “Pork and beans,” replied the Trumpet. “Good,” said the Trombone; “that’s enough; here goes,” and he did go it, to the infinite relief of the poor Trumpet, as well as to the great delight of the whole orchestra, who by this time were in the secret. Messrs. Cassolani and Ambrose, two of the members of the orchestra, were called upon to prove the nature of the contract. They testified not only to the above circumstances, but also to the fact, that whenever the piece was performed the Trumpet had to call out to the Trombone, “Pork and beans,” in order to induce the Trombone to help him through with that particular piece of music. The case being fully made out, the jury found for the plaintiff to the full amount claimed, viz., \$9 54.

The fortunes of the Park Theatre did not seem to be improved by the loss of the National. The sun of its

prosperity was fast setting. At this time, 1839, the Park management were greatly in debt to the actors. Fanny Ellsler came and filled the house, but she was paid such an extravagant and ruinous salary, that the management was rather the worse than the better by her services. We copy the following hit at the condition of theatrical affairs in New York, from one of the daily papers of the period. The writer has been speaking of the previous prosperity of theatres, and then adds :—" Suddenly a change came over the spirit of these proceedings. The reckoning and settling days arrived at last, and theatricals drooped directly in consequence thereof. The Norfolk, Richmond and Buffalo theatres have been advertised for sale. The Camp-street Theatre, New Orleans, has been turned into a hotel and ball-room; the St. Charles was put up for lottery; Russell's new theatre then fell through—so did the Philadelphia opera house, and the Metropolitan Theatre in New York. The Park is deserted, and even the Bowery Theatre is doing indifferently, and the rage of the town seems to be at this time altogether in favor of the cheap system in theatres, as well as in newspapers. The Park is unable to pay its salaries, reduces the same, and runs in debt to its stars: amongst others, \$1000 to Miss Ellen Tree, and \$1200 to Mrs. Martyn and her husband, and then finds itself under the necessity of breaking its engagement with the opera troupe. In accordance with this new movement of the fashionable age, Mitchell opens the Olympic, and reduces the prices. Washington Costar sells off his splendid stud of horses, and takes a box at this shilling theatre. The press patronise it, and it becomes the greatest theatre in this country—crowded every night almost to suffocation—and Mitchell at a bound becomes the greatest manager

among us. This plan of Mitchell's succeeds so admirably at the Olympic, that it is now the most fashionable and best sustained theatre in the city. To be sure the pit is occasionally a little too noisy, but then Mitchell comes out and makes a speech after this fashion:—"Gentlemen of the pit, this noise must not go on; when I say must not, I mean if it *goes on*, we must go off. One word is better than ten thousand, a short speech better than a long one; you now pay one shilling for admittance; if this noise be not stopped, I shall raise the price to three shillings." It is needless to add that the noise ceased immediately, and the pit has been quiet ever since."

Such was the depressed condition of theatricals in New York when Mr. Mitchell took the Olympic. We shall make no apology for introducing a biographical sketch of Mr. Mitchell, with a concise history of his management, for the history of the Olympic is the history of theatricals in New York, from that period until within a year or two of the present writing.

MR. MITCHELL.

THERE is no actor in the country whose name has been more prominently before the public than his who heads this article. When, by the destruction of the National Theatre, he was thrown out of a splendid engagement, he took the Olympic as a forlorn and desperate hope, for he little dreamed of the prosperity which awaited him, or that he would thus fortuitously become the leader, if not the creator, of an entirely new taste in theatrical entertainments. Wal

lack's National Theatre was sustained, not by the talents of a single star, but a combination of them, and when accident divided them, and the public had to return to the Park, where thread-bare pieces were only redeemed by the excellent acting of a single part, it became weary and disgusted, and the Park boxes were left to the rats. Mr. Wallack had given the public a taste for general rather than individual excellence, and the warmest lovers of the drama, and the best friends of the Park could no longer tolerate the grain of corn in the bushel-of-chaff management of "Simpson & Co." The press stupidly went into mourning, and wept for the decline of the drama. Public taste, it said, had become vitiated, and Simpson, good, easy man, instead of looking for the causes of his beggarly account of empty boxes in the cursed and abominable starring system which he obstinately maintained, looked upon the public with a self-satisfied conceit, and denounced them for a want of pure dramatic taste. Instead of skilfully meeting the change in public feeling, he resisted, and was bent upon making the public return to his standard. Fatal error! blind infatuation! Ruin and poverty were the rewards of his obstinacy. When Mitchell opened the Olympic, the public were well prepared to patronise and be amused with a general excellence in the representation of pieces, even though they were nothing but farces and burlesques; besides, the citizens of New York had become so weary with the sleepy management of the Park, the dull and ponderous dramas they had been compelled to witness in that establishment, that they were well disposed to relish a satire, which they felt, but had no means of expressing, against the ancient and so-called legitimate state of theatrical affairs. Whilst Mr. Simpson at the Park was looking

upon that anaconda star, Fanny Elssler, who swallowed up all the profits,* with admiring eyes and empty pockets, Mitchell, at the Olympic, was filling his purse, with little or no expense, with a capital burlesque on the danseuse. But of this anon. A biographical sketch of a man who arose in a theatrical crisis, and controlled the public taste for so many years, cannot be uninteresting to any one to whom these pages may have even a passing value. Mr. Mitchell was born in the town of Billquay, a small town in the county of Durham, England. The father, Mr. William Mitchell, was master of a trading vessel—his mother, the daughter of a respectable farmer. Not being born in affluence, his education went no farther than reading, writing, and arithmetic, and it was finished at the end of his sixth year.

At six he was sent to a brother of his mother's, a farmer in Yorkshire, to learn the art and mystery of farming, with whom he remained until he was fifteen. It was here that fate marked out his destiny, and took the following odd mode of leading him into it.

His uncle was agent for a large company of carriers, and at certain periods of every week, a quantity of goods, wares, and merchandise, was left by the vans at his house for delivery, for direction in the neighboring towns and villages. Mitchell had now become, not a big, but a strong boy, so his uncle thought it was both reasonable and seasonable to

* By one engagement of Fanny Elssler at the Park Theatre, she received \$5,138. For the same period the management netted a loss of \$2,220. On one occasion the whole money in the house was not enough to pay Elssler and the corps de ballett, to say nothing of other expenses, and even on that night Fanny Elssler received her \$600, as per contract.

make him useful. He appointed him to the important post of distributor of these goods, &c. It was in this way, on the top of a small wagon, with two horses, that Mitchell began to see the world, and finally to smell the lamps and orange peel. Among other towns that came within his circuit, was that of Richmond, Yorkshire, and it was here that he first saw anything like a theatre. He had long been in the practice of stopping at an hotel immediately opposite the stage door, without feeling the slightest curiosity to visit the interior. But the time at length came when he did, and this is the mode of Mitchell's "first appearance in any theatre."

Seeing the theatre doors half open, early in the day, he thought he could do no harm if he took a peep inside. He did so, and groped his way up into the gallery. It was rehearsal time, and there upon the stage was Wilson, the tight-rope dancer, rehearsing, and near him was the celebrated Jefferson, and Butler, the tragedian, not thicker than a lath, and, at that time, not much taller.

Mitchell was so struck with what he saw there, that he repeated his visits again and again. At last he was observed, and Sam Butler was sent to put him out. Then ensued a squabble and a fight, at the end of which the latter came off second best—the former was too stout for him.

This put a stop to any further attendance at rehearsals, which had whetted the growing curiosity of our hero to such a point, that he determined to take the first opportunity of witnessing a regular performance. After some little difficulty he got permission of his uncle, and immediately hastened to the theatre. The first piece he remembered to have seen was *Raising the Wind*. Jefferson played *Jeremy Diddler*, and Butler, Sam. He does not

remember what the play was, but the farce made a deep impression upon him. The theatrical mania had now seized him. Then came that strange desire to see the players off the stage, for which purpose he stood about the stage doors for hours, to see a favorite actor come out, whom he would follow to his house.

Richmond was the last town in his circuit, so that he returned thence to his uncle's residence in an empty wagon. He was driving home on one of these occasions, thinking of the last performance he had seen, and what a delicious thing it must be to be an actor, when he was awakened out of his revery by the voice of Jefferson, who hailed him, and asked him for a ride. He had with him Sam and George Butler. The request was readily granted, on condition that they should dismount just before reaching "uncle's house," to which they laughingly complied. George Butler, who had considerable talent as the representative of countrymen, afterwards wrote to Mitchell, when he became a manager, for an engagement, and afterwards became a member of his company.

The next theatre he visited wasn't a theatre—it was a barn—and the company consisted of three persons—an old man, a worn-out young one, and a female of doubtful age and damaged complexion. These three played the whole of the Spoiled Child, with a bed-quilt for a curtain, and three candles, stuck in as many pieces of clay, for footlights.

At fifteen, Mitchell got tired of farming, so he ran away from his uncle, and returned home. His parents had him now put into the office of an extensive West India merchant, named Pollok, at New-Castle-upon-Tyne, in whose office he remained six years. During this time, he became a

member of a private theatrical corps, an admirable school of dissipation, where he learned a little acting, a good deal of the world's ways, and got up to "snuff."

His first appearance upon any legitimate stage was made while at New-Castle, where he played the Country Boy, in the interlude of the Reeruiting Officer, for the benefit of Miss Desmond, now Mrs. Macready, the New-Castle Theatre then being under the management of that celebrated tragedian. The Country Boy made a hit, and the next night another, by playing Sam in "Raising the Wind," and an old man in a ballet pantomime. His success was so great, that he became not a little inflated, and began to think London was the only place big enough for the exercise of his large faculties.

He was bent on going away from New-Castle, and one fine morning he took a hurried departure, just taking leave of his mother, who tried to dissuade him from his purpose; but the fates willed it otherwise, and he started for London in a small brig; on board of which were a number of convicts, destined for the "Hulks." On the passage they were overtaken by a storm: the wind blew—the sea tossed and tumbled about, and so did the vessel, nearly wrecked—convicts let loose to shift for themselves: at last they weathered the storm, and reached London more frightened than hurt.

Mitchell had £7 in his pocket, and felt as rich as a Jew. One of the sailors took him to a tavern on Tower Hill, where he spent his first night in London, and the next at the Royalty Theatre.

He had been in London three or four days when he was recommended to visit Simms, the theatrical agent at the Harp Tavern, opposite the pit door of the Drury Lane

Theatre, in Russell Street. The initiation fee paid (seven shillings) Mr. Simms obtained him a situation to play old men at a place called Lydd, in Kent, of which the theatrical agent gave the most glowing account, prognosticating his success and happiness there, *because fish* was cheap, and the company played on shares. Mitchell packed up his wardrobe—no very difficult task—got into a stage at the Bolt in Finn, in Fleet Street, and was set down at Rye, from whence he walked, carrying his baggage, a distance of eleven miles, to Lydd, where he arrived on Sunday morning, just as the good people were coming out of church. Mitchell was at this period of his life slightly addicted to *modesty*, and being rather dusty from his long walk, and not being remarkably well dressed, he felt ashamed of his appearance, so made his way as quickly as possible into a small barber's shop, less for the purpose of getting a shave than for finding out the manager.

His name was Edwin, and he found him standing on a chair in the little back parlor of a very small cottage, reaching down a stick from the top of a clock. The room was ornamented with some old-fashioned prints of the return of the prodigal son, &c., and the manager was an old-fashioned looking fellow, about five feet four in height, and nothing in proportion, in width. The most conspicuous parts of his dress were a large overcoat, a world too wide for his thin shanks, with a very old hat covered with new oil-skin. The new recruit handed him Simms' introductory letter, which he read upon the chair, and said he was glad to see his "old man," as he was about starting for London to engage a company. He recommended him to board with his scene-painter, whom Mitchell found without a coat, busily painting a scene which was nailed up against

a wall in his room. His name was Lysle, now the celebrated caricaturist of London. He apologised for being without a coat, and told Mitchell he had lent it to the manager to go to London. The next day he was introduced to the Theatre—a barn—with a temporary stage, about two feet from the ground. In a week, the manager having completed his engagements, the *season* commenced with George Barnwell, and the farce of Fortune's Frolics, in which Mitchell played "My Uncle" and "Old Snacks." Mitchell remained here four months, with such wretched success, that his share averaged two shillings and sixpence per week (!) for the whole of that period.

Tired of their ill success at Lydd, the company moved to Dunchurch, in the same county, where they lost Lysle. Before leaving them, however, he accidentally met some old friends, so that one good house was obtained through his influence. From thence they went to Whitestaple, where they hired a billiard-room, and erected a gallery over the table. On the fourth night it broke down, and smashed the table—the company ran away, and were distributed to the four winds of heaven.

Mitchell, accompanied by, or rather, accompanying two ladies of the company, took his passage on board a sloop to London, without a cent wherewith to pay their passage. When the vessel arrived alongside the wharf, he was left in pawn, while his female friends hastened to borrow the money to redeem him.

His next engagement was in a booth at the Cambridge Fair. Here he met Cole, a celebrated double bass, and Mackenzie, the comic actor, and author of Pigs among the Roses, who subsequently died a wretched death in St. Martin's workhouse. Mitchell was engaged to sing songs inside

and to cut up all sorts of antics on the platform outside the booth. He failed, and was discharged at the end of the first fortnight, the managers telling him he was not legitimate enough to play the "bisness as the fair folks liked."

He returned to London in a wagon, and played his next engagement at Alton, in Hampshire, with but indifferent success, that town being full of Quakers. This company then moved to Stockbridge, in the same county, where the manager hired the concert-room, and another performer to do Mitchell's line of business. This raised a rebellion in the whole corps, in opposition to the manager, and of course, in Mitchell's favor—they, the actors, refused to play. The performance had been advertised and placarded over the whole town, and half the room had already been engaged. The manager was in a dilemma—he applied to the magistrate. In the mean time, the news and the cause of the rebellion got abroad, the populace took sides with Mitchell, and some revolutionary wag posted large handbills through the town, headed

MITCHELL & BARHAM—

MITCHELL *forever* !

At length, the matter came to be heard before the magistrate, who decided in Mitchell's favor.

Though tired and disgusted with this strolling and miserable life, and anxious to find some mode of escaping from it, he was forced to yield to circumstances, and once more enrolled under the tawdry banner of the manager of the booth, who discharged him from his first engagement because he was not legitimate enough for his "bisness." Either Mitchell had become a worse actor, which is improbable, or adversity had taught him the necessity of bending to its might, for he, this time, met with the most eminent

success. The Booth, with the company, travelled from Cambridge to Salisbury Fair. After the Fair, at the latter place, the manager proposed they should do some private business, *i. e.*, play on shares, in legitimate pieces, as long as they should continue to draw. The first night, they not only drew a good attendance, but such a heavy shower of rain, that it ran through their canvas covering, as through a fine sieve, drenching the audience, and driving the actors on to the stage, in sight of the audience, the only place of shelter they could find. No announcement of "tremendous success," "unrivalled attractions," &c., &c., could get another audience at Cambridge,—that shower of rain ruined the hopes of the company, so they removed with all expedition to Canterbury. Here they played some time, with the usual success of a strolling company, till at last, Mitchell turned his eyes once more towards London, which he reached amidst the pelting of another pitiless storm, drenched to the skin, with one penny in his pocket. He had walked upwards of forty-nine miles, and it was late in the evening when he reached the great thoroughfare at the west end of the huge metropolis, and made his way to a tavern where the actors then did congregate. It was just in the nick of time that he was engaged to play the second old man in Decamp's company, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which place he reached after an absence of two years. So altered was he by the wear and tear both of body and mind, during the period, that his own parents could scarcely recognise him.

His prospects now began to brighten; he remained with Decamp for two seasons, playing all sorts of business, and he became a great favorite in Newcastle, Sheffield, and Chester. At the end of this period, he joined, for a season,

Alexander, the manager of the Edinburgh theatre, and played at Carlisle, afterwards returning to Decamp, and opening at Sheffield. The circuit embraced the following towns; Newcastle, Sheffield, Chester, Shrewsbury, and Beverly; and was celebrated for the excellence of its company. Besides Mitchell, there was T. S. Hamblin, Thorne of Cincinnati, George Holland, and Tom Flynn, Pearman, the vocalist, John Sefton, and Mrs. Vernon.

Mitchell's salary at that time, (1822,) was sometimes about twenty-five shillings a week;—despite this small income, Mitchell married. He remained with Decamp for four years after his marriage, and joined Nicholson's company at the Leicester circuit; leaving that for the Sunderland, Shields, Scarborough, Durham and Stockton circuit, of which he afterwards became manager. Mr. and Mrs. Heald and Edwin were at this time members of the company.

He did not find the management of the Sunderland circuit at all profitable; on the contrary, he lost everything, and was again driven to London—this was in 1831. The Strand theatre had just opened under Rayner's management, and it was here he made his first bow before a London audience, with success; and, to the astonishment of the manager, who had put him into a poor part, that of a second-rate old man, telling him he had no confidence in his talent for anything else. At this time Mitchell was one of poverty's special victims, and he thought himself actually friendless. It was at this time he was greeted by the grasp from a hand that was directed in its movements by as warm a heart as ever beat within the human breast—it was that of *Leman Rede*. He had seen Mitchell in the Provinces—~~had noted his talents—knew his capabilities—saw the pro-~~

dicament he was in—undertook to combat the prejudices against him, and instantly set about writing a piece for him called *Professionals Puzzled*. It was played with success; the actor made a hit, and the author, his generous interposer in the hour of need, was delighted. Let us stop to see what reputation Mitchell had previous to his appearing in London.

The *Durham Chronicle* thus bids him farewell :

“ Mr. Mitchell deserves far more notice from us than we intend to bestow at present. As an actor, he is making rapid strides to excellence and perfection ; he has so much original humor at command, such flexibility of countenance, perfect knowledge of his author and the stage, that he is always a picture, in any situation or position he may choose. It would be impossible to particularise every good thing this gentleman has done since our last, but the high road to preferment is completely open to him. We were among the first of his admirers as an actor, and have fearlessly asserted his possession of genuine talent, and to whatever part of the globe fate may waft him, we shall always hail with unmixed satisfaction an account of his prosperity.”

He had been but a short time in London, ere he gained the good opinion of all the critics of the day. The *Tatler*, edited by Leigh Hunt; The *Athenæum*; The *Satirist*, who said, on his going to Covent Garden, he would prove a dangerous rival to Keeley; The *Times*; The *Morning Herald*; The *Weekly Dispatch*, &c., &c. One of them thus speaks of his *Jem Bags*, in the *Wandering Minstrel* : “ He is inimitable. His acting is one of the raciest things we ever saw upon the stage, and he does not lose sight, one moment, of the rich part he is embodying. The piece was intended for Reeve; but we defy him to have made of the

part one-tenth of what Mitchell has rendered it." Another, *The Age*, "it was a rich bit of farce, the very acme of perfection."

From the Strand Theatre he was soon transported by Laporte to Covent Garden, to do Power's business, the Irishman. The engagement was for three years. He remained there part of the first season. The manager failed, and the company went on shares to the Olympic, where they played out the season. He went from there to the Queen's Theatre, under the management of Edward Mayhew, a young lawyer, and subsequently of G. à Becket. It was here that originated that school of burlesque, which Mitchell so well carried out at the Olympic in New York.

The next engagement was at the Victoria, (1834,) heretofore the Cobourg, then under Abbot's management, from whom it soon fell into that of Glossop, to whom Mitchell became stage manager. Glossop became lessee of the Strand, combined the two companies, and sent Mitchell to revive the burlesque entertainments for which that place was celebrated. Here was produced the *Roof-Scrambler*, *Man-Fred*, *The Man with the Carpet Bag*, &c., &c.; and it was at this time information was lodged against him for playing at an unlicensed theatre, and he was convicted in a penalty of £50, for performing in one farce.

This broke up the company at the Strand Theatre, and Mitchell returned to the Victoria, where he remained to the close of Glossop's management, and then went back to the Queen's, where he found one of the best companies ever collected within the walls of a theatre—John Reeve, Old Williams, Wrench, Green, Moses Barnet, Mrs. Nesbit, Mrs. Honey, Miss Murray, Miss Orger, and an excellent corps de ballet. He repeated his performance of *Jem*

Bags, of which the Examiner, the best of the London weekly papers, says, "We have never seen anything so perfect—dress, voice, walk, manner—the quintessence of squalid blackguardism—the picture of him on the walls gives no adequate idea of the personation. He looks as if an extra pound of soap and a small-tooth comb would be necessary for all who came near him." We could fill a volume with such complimentary notices of Mr. Mitchell; but since the time these were written, he has shown among us how much he deserved the encomiums of the press on the other side the water.

The Adelphi Theatre next saw Mitchell as manager; from whence he was shortly removed to St. James', as director and principal comedian, under Braham. He remained here one season, and again went to the Strand, then under the management of Hammond, who died in New York, in the cholera season of 1849.

His next step, which he made in June, 1836, was a long and hazardous one. He left London for New York, accompanied by his wife and daughter, Bengough, the artist, who afterwards married Miss Mitchell, and Plumer. We have recorded elsewhere the fact of Mitchell's engagement with Flynny & Willard at the National, and traced him down to the time when the burning of the National left him free to wander where he would.

The Olympic Theatre, situated midway in the block between Howard and Grand Streets, after Mr. Blake had resigned its management, fell into the hands of speculators of all kinds and degrees, and was used for almost every imaginable kind of exhibition. In short, the reputation of the place about this time was as bad as it could well be. It was not, therefore, without a great deal of "serious consid-

ration" that Mr. Mitchell made up his mind to assume its future management. Perhaps if Mr. Mitchell had been differently situated in a pecuniary point of view, he would not have entertained the thought for a moment, so forlorn was the hope of success ; but empty pockets are mighty sharp arguments, and very apt to overcome the suggestions of delicacy and propriety. Manager Mitchell's situation at this time was one of great embarrassment. He was left by the burning of the National entirely without means ; but nevertheless, he had both courage and energy, and he resolved to make a bold push. He at last resolved to take the Olympic. His company was small, consisting of the following artists :—

<i>Gentlemen.</i>	<i>Ladies.</i>
MR. MITCHELL,	MRS. BAILEY,
" BROWNE,	" PLUMER,
" HORNCastle,	" JONES,
" ADERSON,	" JOHNSON,
" POWELL,	MISS SINGLETON,
" EVERARD,	" RANDOLPH.
" WILMOT,	"
" RUSSELL,	
" BAKER,	
" PEARSON.	

The Olympic was opened under the new management on Tuesday the 9th of December, 1839. The bill of the evening consisted of the popular drama of

HIS FIRST CHAMPAGNE;
 Followed by the Burlesque of
 NO;
 Concluding with the Farce of
 HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

We sha' long remember the opening night of the Olym-

pic. It was one of the most rainy, drizzly, mizzly evenings we ever experienced, but feeling an interest in the success of this little remnant of Wallack's company, we determined to go, though the heavens should melt and dissolve away. We arrived there soon after the doors were opened, and sorry are we to record the fact, that the gloom which reigned without was nothing to the gloom which reigned within. There were, all told, only about a dozen auditors assembled. The orchestra consisted of a piano, double bass flute, and violin, leader, Mr. Tyte, all under the musical direction of G. Loder, Esq. But what it lacked in power and numbers, it made up in taste and talent. Among the audience who assembled on this occasion we observed J Prescott Hall, Esq., and family, and Washington Costar and his family. These were among the fashionable patrons of the National, and they also felt an interest in preserving these floating atoms of the great wreck. Whatever depression of spirits might have affected the actors behind the scenes, there was no evidence of melancholy in their faces or manners on the stage; we never saw pieces better played, and never saw an audience more delighted than on this occasion. The receipts of the first night did not, by a long shot, pay its expenses, and there was much misgiving the next day about certain revolutionary inclinations in the piano. To lose the services of this important instrument would have been fatal to the fortunes of the orchestra, and it required much diplomatic skill to induce the said musical box to remain piano in the orchestra until fortune should smile more favorably upon the struggling manager and his company. Mr. J. Prescott Hall and Washington Costar proved good friends to Mr. Mitchell in this trying season, for they not only constantly

attended themselves, but used their powerful influence in the fashionable circles of New York in his favor. The consequence was, that the Olympic soon became the favorite resort of a great number of the leading families in town. The superior tact of Mr. Mitchell as a manager, and the really admirable manner in which everything was done upon the stage, soon began to attract notice, and the prospects of the Olympic became brighter and brighter.

If the Olympic had been a more pretentious establishment, approaching, or pretending to approach the Park or any other larger place, we question very much if the enterprise would have succeeded. People don't mind being seen in company with a friend with a bad coat on, when accident may have rendered its temporary adoption necessary, but few would care to be seen with one whose seedy looks betrayed the necessity of its adoption. They will think it a devilish good joke in the former. In a somewhat congenial spirit they patronised the Olympic. The most talented artists of the National, assuming the old coat of the Olympic, was a bit of fun all seemed disposed to enjoy. The fashionables themselves, when the example was once set, enjoyed the fun and joke of being seen in a place where it was least likely they were to be expected, and they almost made a merit of confessing that they "had really been to that funny little place, the Olympic." Whatever might have been their motives for going there at first, it is very certain they began to enjoy the style of pieces enacted for their amusement with great relish, and the Olympic became their favorite place of resort. The prices of admission to the various parts of the house was thought to be too low to induce respectable classes of people to go there, lest they might meet with company not exactly to

their taste. This is one of the mistakes often made by persons who visit public places of amusement; for we know of no class of people in New York who are not willing to obtain a good article as cheap as it can be had. We have spoken elsewhere of the admirable manner in which Mr. Mitchell controlled the spirits of the pit when they chose to exhibit anything like a noisy and unruly disposition.

The Olympic had not been open many weeks, before it became crowded nightly with delighted audiences. Mitchell now began to vary his entertainments with little musical mythological pieces, burlesques, and extravaganzas. On the 15th of January, 1840, the success of the Olympic became a fixed fact, from the extraordinary success of the ballet interlude, arranged from a scene in Nicholas Nickleby, by Horncastle, called the "Savage and the Maiden." This piece, in which Mitchell played the part of Crummles, may truly be said to have been the foundation of his fortune. It had a run during the whole of the season in which it was produced, and for nine or ten years always drew a full house whenever it was on the bills. The following is the original caste :—

SAVAGE AND THE MAIDEN :

OR, CRUMMLES AND HIS DAUGHTER.

MR. CRUMMLES, (Manager of the Ports'th. Theatre,)	<i>Mr. Mitchell.</i>
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, (under the name of Johnson,)	<i>Horncastle.</i>
SMIKE,	<i>Miss Randolph.</i>
MR. FOLAVI,	(the Savage,) <i>Russell.</i>
LENVILLE,	(first tragedian,) <i>Johnson.</i>
LIGHT COMEDIAN,	<i>Baker.</i>
COUNTRYMAN,	<i>Everard.</i>
OLD MAN,	<i>Roberts.</i>
MRS. CRUMMLES,	<i>Mrs. Plumer.</i>
MISS MINNETTA CRUMMLES, (the infant phenomena,)	<i>Celeste.</i>

GRUDDEN,
MISS SNEVILLA,
MISS BELAWNEY,
MISS LEDBROOK,
MISS BRAVASSIA

Mrs. Jones.
Mrs. Penson.
Mrs. Johnson.
Miss Singleton.
Miss Randolph.

Call-boy, prompter, scene-painters, scene-shifters, gas-men, &c.

Such was the original caste of a piece which was played more nights, and retained its popularity for a longer time, than any piece ever produced in America. Although the *Savage and the Maiden* alone was a sufficient attraction for the evening, the management did not rest content. New pieces were continually being produced. A volume of the bills of that season, 1839 and '40, is now before me, and there we can begin to see the first glimmering of that spirit of entertainment which, in its pursuit, filled the treasury of the Olympic to overflowing for years.

Mr. Horncastle was the dramatic author of the establishment at this time. His operatic burlesques will be long remembered by the theatrical world of New York. Mr. Allen, the author of 1849, *Saratoga Springs*, &c., made his debut here as a dramatic author, in a piece called *Asmodeus* in New York. He was an occasional contributor to the Olympic library for many years.

Among the first burlesques Mr. Mitchell introduced to the Olympic audience, was *Man-Fred*, written by G. à Becket, one of the leading contributors to the *London Punch*. It was slightly altered, to suit this meridian. This burlesque is exceedingly well worked up. There is a ludicrous solemnity preserved throughout, which adds greatly to the effect of the caricature; nor does the author's humor degenerate into vulgarity or his grotesqueness of fancy lead to any wanton outrage on probability. *Manfred*, the philo-

sopher, the Faust of Byron, is here represented as a sweep, whose trade has been ruined by one of the sweeping measures of Parliament, and the darkened soul and sadly colored vest of the metaphysical enquirer into mysteries, are parodied by the sooty visage and dirty clothes of the ruined sweep. Byron's drama opens with Manfred in his study, and an invocation of his ministering spirits. Manfred thus commences :

SCENE—*The Cellar of Man-Fred.*

Man-Fred, *solus*, over an empty pot.

MAN-FRED.—This pot must be replenished—but I think
It ne'er would hold as much as I could drink.
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But interrupted by a cry of sweep;
And yet I hear it not, although I bear
The name of sweep—the business is not there.
I mourn and curse the fatal act, because
It's made the trade by no means what it was.
The chimney-sweeping art I've toiled to learn,
And of each flue am up to every turn;
But this avails not; labour I've endured,
Some of the smokiest chimneys I have cured;
But this avails not—I have been opposed,
And all who set up against me closed;
But this avails not—industry or skill,
A large connexion and a fine good will,
Have been to me as nothing since the law
Was passed, which tells the sweep to hold his jaw;
I have no hope, my love of work is gone,
I see a chimney blaze and may blaze on.

The invocation and rising of the climbing-boys was irresistibly funny. His love, Ann Starkie, (Byron's Astarte,) makes use of some singular similes.

A thousand feelings agitate my breast,
By which my love for *Man-Fred* is confessed;
Yes, like a steam-engine, my bosom jumps
Against my chest, giving enormous thumps—
What can it be? Alas! it does but prove
That with the sweep I madly am in love.
I'm mad—I don't care two-pence where I goes,
But wander onwards, following my nose.
No matter—on my o'ershadowed fate
Hope's light beams faintly, like a kitchen eight;
But of hope's candles time expands the wicks,
The kitchen eight becomes a parlor six;
And then expanding, gradually more,
The parlor six—behold a drawing-room four.
Oh! such philosophy my spirit cheers,
And from my cheek dries up the gushing tears:
As fresh silk button on an old surtout,
Making it, not too seedy, look like new;
So does philosophy revive the breast,
That with its misery is sore opprest.

Manfred's soliloquy on the Fancy Fair is well known.
Man-Fred's rumination over the disjointed pavement is
equally worthy of admiration.

My climbing boys to look for work are gone,
And here I am—alone, alone, alone;
I've wandered out, for what I do not know:
How came I perched up here? I look below
And see the gas-lights branching from the main,
And then I see them joining it again;
The gas that lights the city up, they hold
Mankind's sagacity, in that is told;
But all the gas that all the Wallsend coal
Could make, will never light my darkened soul.
You, too, ye stones, upon whose piled-up heap
I stand, and see beneath an awful leap;

I look below—zounds! what a long way down,
 I wouldn't jump it—not for half a crown.
 Something I'm certain moved—ah! what was that?
 Am I mistaken?—no, it was a rat.

(*A Watchman's voice is heard, crying, "past twelve."*)

Ah, hark! I hear the well-remembered note,
 The music of the passing watchman's throat;
 For this is in the city, where still rise
 The passing watchman's time-proclaiming cries.
 (*Enter Watchman, with staff and lantern.*)

MAN-FRED—(not seeing him)—

Ye omnibusses, that come rattling down,
 Full gallopping, through every street in town;
 Ye cabs, that kill your five or six a-day,
 Ye hackney-coaches, why thus keep away,
 Why come ye not and crush me? No, you kill
 Those victims only, who'd be being still.

(*The Watchman attempts to remove him, when MAN-FRED ex-claims—*)

I, surely, in a country that is free,
 Can kill myself, if so it please me.

WATCHMAN.

Not in this parish; we don't like the bother,
 But, you can do it, sir, in any other.

"Not in this parish" is a rich bit of parish selfishness. In that expression, we see in imagination, the vestry parliament, the important churchwarden, the truculent overseer, the pompous beadle, the parish surgeon, and all the paraphernalia of a coroner's inquest. Mr. Mitchell's acting in this burlesque was replete with comic humor.

The anniversary of the opening of the Olympic was, for many years, cheerfully celebrated by the attaches of the theatre. The only one of these occasions we were at, was celebrated at Stryker's Bay, then kept by Mr. Corbyn, the Treasurer. Not a soul from the leading members

of the company, down to the gas-man, was omitted in the invitation to the dinner, and we think we can safely say, not a soul omitted to be there. We started, some seventy-two, in number, all directly or indirectly connected with the theatre, no outsiders being admitted, in omnibusses hired especially for the occasion. We arrived at Stryker's Bay about twelve o'clock, and a happier set of people were never assembled in that house, before or since. No man knew better than Mr. Corbyn how to provide for such eccentricities as it was his duty to entertain that day—not, we mean, simply in the eatables and drinkables, but in the exhibition of those nameless qualities which distinguish the hospitable host from the cold formal Dombey giver of a dinner. It was some time to dinner yet, and some entertainment must be adopted to fill the weary hour. Target shooting was the sport proposed, and a leather medal was to be awarded to the worst shot. It was easily won by Mr. Walcot, whose sight being none of the best, had to hold his eye-glass to his eye, with one hand, and the gun in the other, and so take aim under these great disadvantages. The moment he assumed his attitude, the worst shots present became disheartened, as it was evident Mr. Walcot must take the prize. The leather medal was placed round his neck by Mr. Mitchell, with no little ceremony, but a very little speech. There were several near-sighted gentlemen present who showed evident signs of chagrin at the success of their companion; but the clouds soon passed away, and whatever the mortification they felt, it disappeared, when they saw how meekly the victor wore his crown.

We shall say little about the dinner, farther than that it was a very good one, and received ample justice from the

"goodlie company." Toasts and speeches were strictly forbidden, and right glad were we of it; for if there be a bore on earth, it is after-dinner speeches from men unaccustomed to speak in public. The dinner concluded, we all descended to the drawing-room, below, in which we found a splendid piano, invitingly open to the use of the accomplished of our party. We do not refer to the occasion of this dinner because we have any eccentric incident to paint, or any particular point of wit to develope; although there was plenty of the latter, as there always is where players congregate, but simply to say to those, and there are many of them, who hold an association with the player as something discreditable, that we believe no number of men holding the same relative position to each other, could be culled from any public institution in New York, apart from the theatres, displaying the same amount of intelligence and wit, profitable reading, refinement of manner, and elegant accomplishment, as those who assembled on this occasion. Some there were among them, it is true, not fully perfect in a knowledge of the conventional forms which distinguish those bred in polite society, but the element of true refinement was among them. They were willing to make little sacrifices of self for the comfort of others, and this is, after all, the true base of politeness and refinement. The manner of tendering a courtesy may not have been very graceful, but it was very hearty, and, of the two, we prefer the latter. The better educated of the party, it is needless to say, differed in no respect from gentlemen in other positions in life. They had, beside the talent necessary for the successful pursuit of their profession, an extensive acquaintance through books with the master minds who have for ages adorned the stage.

When we hear, as we frequently do, some soft-brained dandy or upstart dry-goods clerk speak slightly of the actor or his profession, we pray that Jupiter or some vengeful god would strike them with an idea and annihilate them at a blow. The successful artist must bear a badge of the only aristocracy worth recognising—mind; whilst the dealer in tapes and ribands needs nothing more than a ready reckoner and a flannel petticoat to render him complete in his trade. For our own part, we would rather take the stage-carpenter of a theatre for our companion, than the mere snob of gentility, whose only talent is in the tie of a cravat, and whose only use is to be a lay figure for a tailor. Of the company present, there were few who did not possess some agreeable and pleasing accomplishment, and none whose keen observation, in the course of their career, had not treasured up abundance of pleasant anecdote and sage reflection. Most of them were musicians, instrumental or vocal, and the extempore concert which we then heard is replete with more pleasing recollections than any we derived from some more pretentious affairs we have since attended. The scene-shifters and carpenters even had imbibed a taste for music, and several of them acquired a proficiency on some instrument or other. Such are the materials for social pleasures, which society refuses to use at their own fireside; materials which, if properly respected and appreciated, would confer an amount of pleasure and happiness unknown to those circles whose religion is solemnity, and whose morals draw their only strength from the absence of temptation. Time alone, perhaps, will confer upon the artist his true position in the social scale. We are glad, even occasionally, to see a strong recognition of the actor's claim to high consideration, and live yet in the hope that this re-

cognition will be universal, will penetrate to the firesides of our best citizens, and that the profession of an actor will have justice awarded to it at last.

The Olympic was under the able management of Mr. Mitchell for twelve years, and with the exception of the two last seasons, always successful. Of the causes which led to this decline we shall have to speak presently. In the course of so many years numberless changes were made, not only in the performances, but in the character of the entertainments. It but too commonly occurs that when one or more of the actors of a theatre become favorites with the audiences there attending, they imagine they are the only attraction, and often annoy the manager with airs of assumption, if they do not instantly demand an increase of salary. We have known a great many instances of this kind at the Olympic, and as frequently seen the merited rebuke which has followed such baseless presumption. The man who may appear to great advantage at the Olympic, with an audience well disposed to like every one of the cozy party assembled, would cut a very sorry figure on a larger stage, and before a less indulgent audience. We could mention many notable instances of this, if this were a fitting place to record such weaknesses. Mr. Mitchell had one faculty, which always armed him against any trouble arising from the secession of his actors, be they whom they might, and that was a wonderful ready invention, which seemed never at fault. If certain actors left him, who were important in a certain cast of pieces, he did not sit down to weep at their loss, but immediately produced another style of entertainment suited to the materials he had at his command. The hold which an actor has upon the public mind is too fragile to admit of the slightest strain. People go to the theatre, not out of any

regard to the actor, but to be amused with the personation of character, and it matters not to them whether the character is played by Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, providing the dish is as highly flavored by one as by the other. The audience soon learn to forget an actor, and he is a weak and misjudging man who relies upon public favor to sustain him whenever he chooses to be tricky or important with his manager. It has certainly sometimes occurred that the public have departed from their usual indifference, and come forward boldly to the rescue of an actor from the unjust and tyrannical conduct of a manager; but the cases are rare, and never where it has simply arisen from a matter purely managerial. The public may like to see Mr. Snubs, and applaud him to the echo, but when the curtain has gone down Mr. Snubs may go to the devil by railroad for aught the public cares. This indifference to the fate and condition of the actor, whether he be rich or poor, in sickness or in health, arises in part from a false estimate in the public mind of the value and dignity of the profession of an actor in itself, and partly from the reckless disregard the profession themselves too often exhibit for the proprieties of life. We know, and believe can fully appreciate the excuses often offered for the excesses of the actor, but much as they may palliate, they cannot entirely excuse the disregard to public opinion so often exhibited by men at the very head of the profession. If the fountain is turbid, the public have a right to conclude that the stream which flows from it will not be very clear. But to return.

In the year 1840 Fanny Elssler appeared at the Park. The sensation she created must be fresh in the minds of every playgoer in New York. Her appearance furnished Mr. Mitchell with much food for fun. He appeared in costume

and danced "*La Crack-a-vien*." We shall long remember the comic humor with which he burlesqued the charming and graceful Fanny. The manner of his exit from the stage, at the conclusion of the dance, was irresistibly comic. The serious care with which he guided himself to the side-scenes, to be secure of a free passage for his tremendous bustle, was very funny. The "*Tarantula*" was richly burlesqued. It was thus announced :—

To-morrow evening will be produced, for the first time in this
or any other country,

A new Comic Burlesque Ballet, entitled

LA MUSQUITO,

in which

MONSIEUR MITCHELL

Will make his first appearance as

UNE PREMIER DANSEUSE,

And show his agility in a variety of Terpsicorean efforts of all
sorts, in the genuine

Bolerocachucacracovonienne style.

Full particulars in to-morrow's bill.

The bills ran thus in the programme :—

PROGRAMME.

The ballet is founded on the well-known properties of the Musquito, whose bite renders the patient exceedingly impatient, and throws him into a fit of slapping, and scratching, and swearing delirium, commonly termed the "*Cacoethes Scratchendi*," causing the unfortunate being to cut capers for a considerable number of logs of mutton.

The scene lies in

HOBOKEN.

Low Dickey loves Low Retta—an awful accident happens—abduction of Signora Low Rinde by shad fishers—Low Dickey assembles his friends—invitation to cow-hides—they rush to the rescue—success of their virtuous and valorous efforts—gratitude of Low Rinde—she retires to take a nap.

A traveller who has come all the way from the other side the

North River now appears—the bombastic and wealthy Doctor Low Belia, whose wife fell overboard on the passage. He professes ardent affection for Low Retta—she considers him an old fool, and retires, declaring her love for Low Dickey.

An unexpected occurrence unexpected occurs—Low Retta rushes on frightened and shaking like several shakers—Low Dickey has been bitten by a mosquito, and she describes his delirium—his slapping, panting, and scratching agony—the old Doctor refuses to cure Low Dickey unless Low Retta will consent to marry him—Low Retta to save Low Dickey consents, and is led off in an awful stew.

Scene 2nd.—The plot thickens into the consistence of a London fog—Low Retta does all sorts of things, so do all the other people, until a circumstance occurs which settles the Doctor's love-making, and Low Retta is united to Low Dickey, and the piece ends with a

SALTATORIAL EXHIBITION

of extraordinary and overwhelming beauty.

There were few subjects of a public interest which Mr. Mitchell, through his dramatists, did not take hold of to squeeze out some amusement for his patrons. A tragedy at any of the larger houses was sure to be burlesqued at the Olympic, and no popular folly but received from the same source a good-natured lash. The satirical character of the pieces, the very superior and finished way in which they were always put upon the stage, drew to the Olympic the literary and professional men of the city, whose severer duties required just such a relief as the wit and satire of this popular place afforded. Fitzgreene Halleck, J. Prescott Hall, Esq., — Gerard, Esq., James T. Brady, Esq., Dr. James Quinn, and other well-known professional and literary men, were almost nightly visitors, some of whom had the entree behind the scenes, and who seemed greatly to enjoy the sort of intellectual transportation they underwent from the matter-of-fact scenes of every-day life to the land of fiction.

Few lions of any account visited the city who were not introduced behind the scenes of the Olympic. The Prince de Joinville when he was in New York was a frequent visitor, and when he left was indebted to the establishment for the use of two private boxes. It speaks highly in favor of Mr. Mitchell's gentlemanly and forbearing spirit, that he never sent the account to Louis Philippe, when it would, doubtless, have been settled; nor did he, after the fashion of Mr. —, son-in-law of John Jacob Astor, publish an account of the transaction in a pamphlet form. Prince Napoleon, the President of France, was also there on two or three occasions. He struck us as being a quiet, gentlemanly young man, and nothing more. Charles Dickens, when he could snatch a few hasty moments from the crowds of people who continually pressed upon his time, would pay a visit behind the scenes of the Olympic, and delight all who came near him by the evident interest he felt in the various professional duties each might be then occupied in pursuing. He was there on one occasion when the piece called *Boz in America* was played. Mr. Horncastle, who played the character of Boz, made up, as it is technically called, very like the great original. Dickens was behind the scenes before the piece commenced, and was introduced to his representative. He was much struck himself with his other self, and put on a very bothered expression of face, as though he was not exactly sure whether he was himself or not. He entered into the spirit of the thing with such a relish, that he insisted on dispatching a messenger to the Carlton House for the hat and the overcoat he wore when he landed. These were soon obtained, and Mr. Horncastle played Boz with the veritable hat and coat of the immortal Boz himself. I only mention this circumstance, to show how heartily Dickens

entered into the spirit of the occasion—not for the purpose of making out anything remarkable in the simple act of lending a hat and coat. One thing, however, I may mention as remarkable, both hat and coat were returned; the former, however, Mr. Dickens presented to the theatre, and if we are not mistaken Mr. Mitchell has it to this day; but there is nothing in it. It will be recollected that Dickens, in his notes, makes honorable mention of the Olympic and its manager, Mr. Mitchell. Not only gentlemen but ladies often visited behind the scenes with their husbands, to gratify their curiosity, and “see how the animals looked on a close inspection.” Mrs. W., a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, was a frequent visitor, and would ask an endless variety of questions with regard to the uses of the various articles she saw behind. If ever circumstances should drive her from the position she now holds among the favored children of fortune, it would not surprise us very much if she should adopt the stage as a profession: but of this anon.

Mr. Mitchell's success remained unabated. As he acquired different kind of talent he brought out pieces best calculated to develop its strength. Mrs. Timm, Mary Taylor, Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Hardwick, Miss Singleton, Miss Clarke, Miss Roberts, Miss Phillips, Miss Anna Cruise, Mrs. H. Isherwood, Mrs. W. Isherwood, in the acting drama, have been from the very first the principal female actors upon which Mr. Mitchell relied; of course there were many others of less note to make up the different companies. The dancers have been but few, Miss Partington occupying the stage in that department for five years in succession. Miss Celeste, then quite a child, was the original phenomenon in the *Savage and the Maiden*. She was succeeded by Miss Turnbull, and then followed Miss Partington. The latter young

lady stamped herself a favorite on the first night of her appearance, and her popularity never diminished so long as she appeared on the boards. There was a modesty and grace in her style that won all hearts. In private life she is as irreproachable as she was excellent in her profession. The gentlemen who have figured most largely under the flag of the *Olympie* from its opening, are Messrs. Browne, Horncastle, Edwin, Graham, Walcot, Fenno, Nickenson, Holland, Conover, Bleeker, Levere, De Bar, Dennison and Everard, Dunn, Rosenthal, and a man named Baker, who was prompter, call-boy, or anything else. Mr. George Loder was for years the able and accomplished musical director. He was followed by Mr. Wolf, who, however skilful as a musician, fell immeasurably short of that genius enjoyed by his predecessor. We do not wish it to be understood that all the ladies and gentlemen above enumerated were engaged at the same time,—we have merely given this list to save the trouble of any detail. It may appear surprising that in the course of eleven years no larger a list of principal actors could be made out, and it would be so had it occurred in almost any other theatre; but Mr. Mitchell's people remained with him for years. He never made changes himself if he could avoid it, and the people themselves had too comfortable a place of it to wish it. The spirit which prevailed behind the scenes was unlike anything I have ever seen in other places. There was none of that spirit of ill-natured rivalry which so often mars the comforts of the green-room; but all was kindness and good fellowship. There was more of the feeling of a family party, about to amuse a collection of invited guests in front, than that which might be expected among a number of paid performers about to labour through a hard and laborious vocation.

We shall introduce here slight sketches of Mary Taylor, Holland, and Marks, the leader, all well-known Olympic celebrities. Of all the ladies Mitchell ever had attached to his company, Mary Taylor remained with him the longest, and was the most popular. She was singing at Peale's Museum when Mr. Mitchell sought her to offer her an engagement. When she first appeared at the Olympic, she very soon found her way into the affections of the audiences, and despite the stout rivalry of Mrs. Timm, and other well-established favorites, she carried off the palm of public favor. Not that Mrs. Timm did not maintain an enviable position in the estimation of the Olympic patrons, for she was a capital burlesque actress—a style altogether in vogue at this theatre in those days—but it was simply as an actress that she maintained her stand. Miss Taylor, besides singing well, and possessing a bold, dashing style of acting, was young and unmarried, and by consummate management off the stage, had invested herself with a sort of romantic interest for the young gentlemen who formed so large a portion of the Olympic audiences. Such a furor did she create at one time, that a number of young and green gentlemen banded themselves together under the name of the "Taylor Guard." The windmills against which these gentlemen were always armed to do combat, were a large number of imaginary insults, of the grossest kind, which their lady might possibly receive on some night or other, when she was leaving the theatre, by a certain set of unmitigated bandits, who were supposed to be in the interest of the Timm faction. One or all of the Taylor Guard visited the Olympic every night, and occupied one or more private boxes, as the case might be, much to the delight of the manager and to the benefit of the treasury.

The Taylor Guard wore a badge, which always appeared to us quite unnecessary, as nature had forestalled any purpose of that kind by placing a pair of pretty long ears on each side of their heads. Miss Taylor was one of the finest managers of these kinds of worshippers in the world. She knew exactly how far to encourage their attentions, and when to stop. She gave no particular encouragement to one ; but if there were one among them who had taken some stray glance to himself, and presumed upon it the least bit in the world, he was sure to suffer a delicate neglect for a few nights, which generally brought him to his senses. Miss Taylor, through her merit and her Guards, was sure of a glorious reception every night, and it was a study to see with what a grace she received this tribute. She looked agitated, pleased, and surprised, as though the token of regard was almost as undeserved as unexpected, when she knew all the while what her faithful friends would surely accomplish for her. When the star of Miss Clarke began to rise, and the great merits of this then charming little actress became to be recognised, the Taylor Guards were more than ever active in their efforts to exalt their lady-love, and would frequently show this feeling so plainly, that the friends of Miss Clarke were determined also to show theirs upon the subject. The matter did not remain long in the hands of the box frequenters ; the pit-ites formed sides, and took the parts of their respective deities as warmly as the gentry in the boxes. There were a number of young gentlemen of the *oi polloi* school of refinement, who generally occupied the three or four front benches of the pit, near the orchestra, and this they did for several seasons in succession. So constant was their attendance at the theatre, that at last they felt they had an exclusive

right to the occupancy of these seats, and no matter how crowded the house might be, it would have been an unpleasant experiment for any stranger to have attempted to hold possession of a place upon them, if either of the imaginary proprietors had been in want of a seat. These gentlemen were attached in some way or other to certain fire companies of the city, and were proud to be designated by the number of the engine they respectively patronised. During the performance on the stage, they generally behaved with decorum, never doing anything very *outré*, unless it was occasionally prompting some unfortunate actor in his part, and this we have known them frequently to do, but always with good nature, and a sort of pride they took that everything should go off well on account of the strangers that might be present. Sometimes, too, they would join the performers in some popular chorus, a bit of volunteer aid which, so far from giving offence to actors or audience, was always highly relished by both parties.

These boys were always very knowing about anything which was going on in front and behind the curtain, and any one of them who chanced to be acquainted, in ever so remote a degree, with any one of the performers, male or female, was considerably envied for his good fortune. Mitchell, Mary Taylor, Mrs. Timm, Miss Clarke, and Mr. Walcot, were the only great people in the world of which they knew, either by tradition or experience. The Olympic was the Covent Garden of their world, and the pit, so far from being the bottomless one in their estimation, was the paradise of their religious creed. There was one youth among this "foremost" lot, whose natural inclinations were of a rude and unruly kind, but which his companions managed to keep in tolerable subjection, although occasion

ally the officer of the theatre was bound to remove him. This boy, rough, low, and uneducated as he was, had a touch of sentiment and poetry in his composition, and his heart was not insensible to those softer feelings which belong to better trained natures. Miss Taylor filled the only place in his heart unoccupied with the fire engine with which he ran. When she was on the stage he never spoke, but kept his eyes fixed upon her. He scarcely seemed to breathe, so lost was he in admiration. At her exit he woke up, and although he was the only one in the house willing at that moment to disturb the scene by applause, he would always give the most marked signs of his individual delight. But it was not in this he showed the delicacy of his feelings towards the lady of his admiration. After the play was over, he would leave his companions, and at some little distance from the stage door, await the departure of Miss Taylor from the theatre. When she would ascend the steps which led up from the stage entrance into Broadway, accompanied by her mother, as she always was, B—— would not move, but wait till the party had proceeded about twenty yards, then he would follow. He never attempted to address her, for he was not so ignorant as not to know that the least expression of his feelings would make him the object of contempt, if not a more severe castigation ; but, after all, he might have been building, as we all do, castles in the air ; it is possible that in his inmost and secret thoughts he harbored a feeling of ambition of at some time or other possessing that which now he so respectfully admired at a distance ; and a dread of having all these fine castles and ambitious hopes crushed and broken at one fell blow, might have made him feel it was better to be deceived, and bear the ills he had, than to

have fled to others yet in embryo. Be this as it may, he never but on a single occasion spoke to her, and that was once when the party were embarrassed with an unusually large basket of costumes, and then he proffered his services to carry them home. They were accepted, and this menial office afforded him the most exquisite gratification. On every other occasion he followed at a respectful distance, watched them to their dwelling, and then took his station on the steps of the street door, where he would sit till every light in the house was darkened, and there was no possible chance of his again beholding for that evening the object of his adoration. This did not happen once, now and then, but night after night, for months in succession.

But to return to Miss Taylor and her Guards. The house now became divided—the Taylorites, and Clarkeites, and Timmites—and it was curious to watch the new devices these powerful factions would adopt to shed glory upon their respective queens. The Taylor guard immortalized themselves for a while through the means of expensive bouquets, with which they liberally strewed the stage on Miss Taylor's appearance. The first night this occurred, the Clarkeites and Timmites were dismayed, but made up in loud shouts and hi hi's what they lacked in flowers of another kind. The next night, however, the Clarkeites and Timmites were prepared, and such a shower of flowers that fell upon the Olympic stage on that occasion was never equalled. Night after night the same game was played, until it became an interruption to the business of the evening, and Mr. Mitchell had to issue a command that no bouquets should be admitted into the front of the house. In taking this step Mr. Mitchell was blamed by many parties,

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who said that he had no right to prevent persons from taking in boquets to be used for such purposes. With all due respect to the opinions of these parties, we think now, and did then, that he had a perfect right to adopt what rules and regulations he chose in the management of his own house and business. If the public has rights, so has a manager. He is not to be so much the slave of public caprice as to submit to its dictation in the conduct of his own interests, when his management does not contravene good morals, or interfere with the legitimate enjoyments of his audience in witnessing that which they paid to see. If a manager does all he promises in the bills of the day, and does it faithfully, he gives the *quid pro quo*, and the public have nothing to do with the subordinate arrangements of the house. There were a great many persons who went to the Olympic of course to enjoy the pieces, and see them played through without unnecessary interruption. Had these people no rights which were to be consulted? would it have been proper, because a few youths chose to make fools of themselves, that the rest of the house should suffer, who cared nothing either for Mrs. Timm, or Miss Taylor, further than the part they were playing for their amusement? We think Mr. Mitchell was perfectly right, and we should like to see other managers acting as promptly to put down public freaks of this kind. The Taylor Guards, and the Timm and Clarke protective force, had to adopt other modes of distinguishing their favorites, for although a stray boquet would now and then find its way upon the stage, the practice became stale and flat, for it began also to be whispered abroad that the same boquets did duty on several occasions, and nothing was fresh about the offerings but the enthusiasm with which they were made.

Independent of the Taylor Guards, Miss Taylor had some outside adorers, who were quite as profitable, if not as enthusiastic as the gentlemen who composed that immortal corps. There was one, ———, who was, or thought he was, really and truly attached to her, and whose suit was not entirely unpalatable to the lady herself. But the course of true love never did run smooth, and those having a right to direct and control the actions of the young lady were not inclined to favor the lover. The gentleman referred to was perhaps a man of more pride than sentiment, and his dignity was a great deal more wounded than his heart, for with all the fierceness of his passion, he entertained certain misgivings, the effort to discover the truth of which at last settled his business with the lady herself, and the battle of love ended in this case, much to the advantage of both parties.

It may be thought that in alluding to this affair we are infringing upon the private affairs of Miss Taylor in a way no public writer is justified in doing, but it must be remembered that the parties themselves made no private matter of it, nor ever showed any shrinking delicacy in relation to it. Not a man, woman, or child, directly or indirectly connected with this theatre, and scarcely a pit boy who attended there, but knew all about it, and as we are gossiping upon the subject for a good purpose, which will presently be seen, we feel no compunctious visiting for alluding to it. Much has been talked of in relation to the private character of Miss Mary Taylor, and a great deal of injustice been done her by persons who never considered her peculiar position, or understood the noble, generous nature of the woman. There is not, we believe, one woman in ten thousand, receiving the adulation Miss Taylor

has, placed in a position of such peculiar temptation, educated in a world as different from the world of ordinary life, as behind the scenes differs from the front of a theatre, would have passed the ordeal as purely and well as she has. From the time she was in the ballet at the Park theatre, twelve or fourteen years ago, up to the present moment, all things with her have been subordinate to the holy purpose of supporting a fond and worthy mother, and educating two brothers and a sister. In her intercourse with her professional brethren she is kind and generous, and every manager with whom she has ever been engaged, will do her the justice to say, that a more tractable, obliging, and ready artist never was behind the scenes of a theatre. So much does she feel the interests of her manager, and the establishment with which she may be connected, that she never denies, if occasion requires, to leave her own line of business, and appear in any other, however subordinate, if it would subserve the purposes of the management. She would play anything, if kindly approached, from Hamlet down to a waiting-maid, if she thought by so doing she could oblige somebody. There is, among actors of both sexes, a certain freedom of manner towards each other, which you do not perhaps see in private life. We have had an opportunity of seeing a great deal of Miss Taylor while in the discharge of her professional duties, and we can very sincerely say she never rendered herself obnoxious to severe remark, to our knowledge, by a violation of the proprieties of life. Persons not familiar with the free manners of actors and actresses to each other may have judged otherwise; and unfortunately actors and actresses are too frequently tried, judged, and condemned, by people strangers to the idiosyncracies of an actor's life. This is

one of the evils of permitting strangers behind the scenes, who have no sympathy or congeniality of feeling with the objects of their curiosity, and no appreciation of the peculiar relation which a company of performers bear to each other.

The government of a theatre, whilst it must be strict, must at the same time be conciliating. To hear the stage manager at the rehearsal of a piece say to this lady, "Now, my dear," and to another, "My love, do so and so," a stranger might infer he was on terms of the closest endearment with the whole bevy of actresses, from the leading lady, down to the humblest ballet girl. But this style of address is only a conventional mode of softening down a command; for be it known, often among those who stand low in rank in the theatre, are ladies and gentlemen of good birth and education, whom misfortune has driven to this purpose, who would not bear to be commanded like a serf. The manager's commands are always respectfully put in the form of polite requests; and in this way, and in this way alone, can he hope to obtain obedience. The men who have risen to the highest step on the theatrical ladder, played subordinate parts, at least they used to before it became fashionable to come into possession of a lump of theatrical talent, like it sometimes happens with a lump of property; and no manager can tell but in his humblest rank some embryo Kean or Garrick may be hid. The "big people" of a theatre, as the higher actors of a company are called, are not independent of the aid and caprice of the "little people." They have to play with them; and a little inattention or ill will on the part of the latter, may mar very materially the acting of the other; so that whether it be sincerely felt or not, there is always the assump-

tion of a sort of courteous familiarity, which these different positions would, upon a casual view, scarcely seem to require or justify. Another cause of this freedom of manner lies in the variety of characters they see each other assume. This may not be as palpable as other causes; but still we think it has more or less influence, judging by our own feeling. We know that our own judgment of actors behind the scenes is for the time being influenced by the character which they are assuming. We always feel inclined to address a King or a Lord Duke more respectfully than we do the Court Fool, although the gentleman who plays the fool is infinitely, both by position and talent, more entitled to our respect. We get so much in the habit of judging by externals, that we feel rather confounded when we find a king talk like a common-place fellow behind the scenes, and find a man in the garb of a clown expressing himself in classical diction. When a man plays a king, and is decked off in robes of state, with a crown—albeit a paste-board one—upon his head, he will just as surely, as a man with a new fashionable coat on, walk more proudly up than the day before, with his thread-bare garment, feel a little of his assumption, and be a little more familiar with his manager, who may chance to be playing a part not near so high in rank, nor in a court suit. In the mimic world behind the scenes there are so many ups and downs—the lord to-night is the peasant to-morrow, and so on—that a sort of social sympathy is established, and the most warm and friendly interest in each other is the result. We have travelled a little out of our record in discussing this matter; but we were anxious to show to outsiders that a freedom and familiarity among the members of a theatrical company by no means shows a laxity of those sober principles which

govern congregations of people in other pursuits, and in other states of society. We might as well suppose that the merchant we saw last Sunday at Church, with his hands clasped and eyes turned up, walked Broadway and transacted his business in Wall Street in the same position, as to suppose the actress carried with her into general society the same conventional bearing which her position obliges her to adopt behind the scenes. But enough of this. How easy it is for that lady whom fortune has favored with ease and plenty—who need neither spin or toil for a living—to turn up her moral pug nose and talk of those bold creatures the actresses—well enough to see upon the stage, but not to associate with. But how difficult for one so situated to estimate rightly the different surroundings of her and of those she effects to despise. The actress' position demands a bolder line of action than the lady in private life. She is not an idle doll, to be dressed and placed on a lounge for the reception of company ; she has to work and toil, take a stirring part in a profession which admits of little leisure, she has to conciliate interest for her own advancement ; to be popular on the stage, she must be courteous and pleasing off, and often compel herself to receive attentions which in themselves are distasteful to her. If any quantity of young gentlemen, with more money than brains, will take it into their heads that such or such a lady is a divinity, and choose to send her presents of diamond rings and gaudy trinkets, is she to refuse all these things because they do not happen to come from brothers or cousins ? But it is nonsense to argue such a matter ; and yet half the stupid scandal that has been circulated in relation to Mary Taylor, is because she has accepted offerings of this kind from her theatrical admirers. But Mary can well afford to laugh at all such idle rumors ;

for she is a good girl, a devoted daughter, an affectionate sister, a generous friend, and one of the most useful women in her profession in the world. She has been married about six hundred times by the public ; but we believe ere this volume is issued from the press she will be married in earnest. Happiness and prosperity attend her.

The principal ladies of the Olympic Theatre, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Timm, and Miss Clarke, had to be annual martyrs to popularity of the most excruciating kind. This occurred on New Year's Day, when all the patrons of the Olympic made it a point of duty to call upon the ladies. Distinction of parties was this day thrown aside, and Miss Taylor received the Clarkeites, and Miss Clarke was at home to the Taylorites, and Mrs. Timm visible to all. No one who has not witnessed the scenes which took place on these occasions can form any idea of the turmoil and confusion occasioned by so many calls from so many grades of callers. We have known Mary Taylor to receive six hundred calls ; and when it is considered that the time in which these were made was from 10 A.M. until 6 P.M., when she had to prepare for her duties at the theatre, some idea may be formed of the rapidity of exit and entrance. We remember being there on one occasion, when a party of about twenty came into the room, they bobbed their heads to Miss Taylor, who rose from the sofa to salute them, but did not address a word to her. This party, it appears, were attached to No. —, who were all in the Taylor interest. They were, of course, asked to partake of some refreshment, and the waiter filled each a glass of wine. When they were all charged, we expected that some one of the party would speak for the rest and make some complimentary address ; but what was our astonishment, when one lifting up his glass exclaimed in a

Mose tone, "Well, b'hoys, here's to Number —." This was followed with tremendous applause, and then the party walked out without addressing a single word to the lady whom they had thus honored with a call. They reserved the expressions of their feelings until night, when her appearance was generally the signal for the most unearthly yell of joy and enthusiasm which could well be imagined. But these times are all gone. Poor Mrs. Timm and Miss Clarke, both the victims of that fell disease, consumption, have been compelled to relinquish their professions. Miss Taylor is still in the full tide of success and popularity; but the temple in which she was reared from an humble ballet girl to what she is—in which, also, Mrs. Timm and Miss Clarke were nurtured into position and popularity—has passed from the hands of its high priest, its lights have fled, and it looks like a banquet hall deserted.

GEORGE HOLLAND was for many years the low comedian of the Olympic under Mr. Mitchell's management. He was so exceedingly eccentric in his style of acting, that it would be impossible to convey to the reader anything like an idea of what it was composed. We can think of no standard by which he could be correctly judged. He was unlike any other comedian we ever saw in his line. He has then, no genius. His appreciation of a part he had to play had nothing to do with the opportunity it might afford him of developing a passion or an eccentricity of mind, but simply from the amount of practical fun of which the part would admit. An opportunity of tumbling over a chair, upsetting a table, or burning his nose with a candle, were worth to him more than all the finest sentences of wit and sentiment

which could be written. It was so rarely we could detect in George Holland anything like a bit of legitimate acting, that we always attributed such an exhibition when it did occur, to accident, rather than thought or design. In the overstrained, unnatural, and exaggerated style of farce incident, which characterises the modern school, George Holland was in many respects unequalled. No one could more successfully and grotesquely develop broad fun than he. Even the admirers of genuine comic acting could not resist the grossly funny manner in which he would set all rules, principles, and purposes of legitimate acting at naught, whilst those less fastidious and more easily pleased were in extacies of delight at his humor. We have laughed as heartily perhaps as any one at George Holland, but still we cannot say that we ever saw him, except in two or three pieces, in which we ever felt a full satisfaction. Acting which will produce the most explosive laughter is not always the most satisfactory. True wit affords an exquisite pleasure, but seldom produces a broad laugh. There is a kind of internal, mental mirth, much more congenial to real enjoyment than all the guffaws in the world. We have enjoyed Holland's fun more off the stage than we ever did on. He is one of the greatest practical jokers extant, and what is remarkable, he plays his tricks among strangers, when he has no friend with him for whose especial amusement he is acting. Sometimes he has fallen down in a fit in Broadway, and been carried into a drug store, exciting the sympathy of the crowd, and obtaining the anxious services of druggist and clerks; and then, when cup and band were ready to bleed the unfortunate gentleman, he has coolly risen from his seat, made a profound bow to all present, and then solemnly retired, leaving all astonished at his sudden recovery.

In one of these simulated fits, he once fell, accidentally, (for the purpose;) into a large basket of peanuts, which stood near a huckster woman's stall in the street. We can't pretend to say how many he crushed in his fall among them, but his convulsions seemed to distribute a great number over the sidewalk, much to the horror of the proprietress, whose lamentations at her probable loss were only stopped by some man who stood near, telling her, no doubt the gentleman would pay for the breakage when he came to himself. Burnt rags were held under his nose by some kind-hearted bystanders; this he bore without wincing; but the smoke from a lighted pipe of bad tobacco, which a poor Irishman took from his mouth for the occasion, soon dissipated his epilepsy, and our friend recovered. He was wonder-struck at the havoc he had made among the peanuts; but not the least amusing part of the whole affair was his funny chaffering with the woman, as to the value in money of the damage he had done. This point was soon settled, and Holland went off strangely satisfied with his amusement.

Holland was generally very successful on his benefit occasions, and although he might have satisfied himself with the simple announcement of his benefit, to insure a crowded house, he took as much pains, and worked as hard as though he was an entire stranger to the public. His announcements, at the top of his benefit bills, were very characteristic of the man. We give one of these odd productions below. This announcement, in this instance, was accompanied with a cut of Paul Pry:—

“How d'ye do? Just dropt in—beg pardon—hope I don't intrude—but if it is not asking an impertinent question, will you take a ticket for

GEORGE HOLLAND'S BENEFIT!

There will be lots of fun, and something new ;
for you must know that

SISTER AND I

will appear for the first time in this city. Eh—who's the author ?
Well, can't exactly say, but

WHO'S THE COMPOSER

can be easily ascertained by visiting the theatre this evening—also
that delightful party, whose performances elicited
so much applause two years since, entitled

THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

They will be there with a variety of other entertainments. The
whole to conclude with one of the most popular farces ever produced
at this theatre, in which Miss CLARKE made such a tremendous hit,
and between ourselves—mind, it goes no farther—for I assure you
I speak feelingly upon the subject, that in order to secure good
seats, I may confidently assert it will be

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST

for you to call at the box office as soon as possible. Now, let me
conclude by presenting you with a bill of performance. Hoping to
see you there, I most respectfully take my leave. Adieu.

PAUL PRY.

One of the most extraordinary methods he ever adopted
to dispose of tickets, was the following. Holland was ex-
ceedingly fond of oysters, and to obtain these to perfection,
he was in the habit of visiting that somewhat celebrated
stall of these luxuries in the Fulton Market. On the day
before one of his benefits, he went as usual and partook of
his lunch of oysters. It was a drizzly sort of day, and Hol-
land was attired in rather a shabby suit of clothes. After
taking his oysters, he leisurely walked towards the dock
near the Fulton Ferry, where the steamer Croton usually
lies in summer. He approached the edge of the dock, near
which, by the bye, a number of people were standing, when
all at once his foot apparently slipped, and down went

George into the water. The alarm was instantly given of "a man in the water." A boat was soon manned, and in a short time the struggling comedian was safely on board the boat. He was insensible, of course, for as yet he had not had his cue to recover. His apparently lifeless form was conveyed to some place under the market. As he lay there insensible, the proprietor of the place, anxious to know who the sufferer was, put his hand into his pocket, in search of a card, or papers, which would give some clue to the name and condition of the unfortunate man. The first thing extracted was a bundle of pit tickets for Holland's benefit. This was not altogether satisfactory, and another pocket was searched, and another bundle of tickets for Holland's benefit came to light, and every pocket was searched with like results. It soon got buzzed through the market that a man had been pulled out of the water in a state of insensibility, with a lot of tickets for Holland's benefit in his pocket. Holland was a great favorite among the b'hoys in the market, and knowing his habit of coming down there for oysters, it was at once thought the funny man had at length played a part in a deep tragedy. A number of the butchers and market people rushed to the spot, and there, sure enough, lay the veritable comedian, in a state of unconsciousness. Some vigorous measures were applied, which Holland could not resist. He rapidly came to himself, and with a very serious and confounded air, asked where he was. "All right, old boy," was the reply; "you're among friends, you are—and we'll take care of you." He then put his hands into his pockets, and searching first one, then the other, exclaimed, "I've lost all my tickets!" "No, you havn't, neither; here they are, all safe." "Give them to me. I'm much obliged; I feel quite well now."

“Look here, old fellow—stop a bit! You’re benefit comes off to-morrow night. It ain’t worth while to take these tickets away; I guess we can soon sell them here around;” and away went the speaker. He had not been gone very long before he returned, with cash in hand for all the tickets for Holland’s benefit. And thus was the object gained for which George Holland tumbled into the water.

Holland, unlike most Englishmen, did not put the H’s in the wrong place, but never used them at all. He was very sensitive upon this point. He was reminded of this defect once, by Bengough, the scene-painter, in the most pointed manner, but so that it was scarcely possible Holland could have noticed, whatever his feelings of chagrin might have been. Bengough, meeting Holland one morning, saluted him thus—“Ah, ’Olland, my boy, ’ow are you? ’ow is Mrs. ’O.?” The effect upon the bystanders was irresistible.

Who does not remember poor HARRY MARKS, the violinist, or rather, who could forget him, that ever saw his little round, dumpling figure, or have heard him discourse most eloquent music with his violin? We profess to be no judges of musical excellence; but, for our own uncultivated tastes, we would at any time have gone farther to have heard Henry Marks than we would Ole Bull. We were very much astonished at the marvellous things Bull did with his instrument; but, we were infinitely better pleased with the sweet things Marks did with his. He was leader at the Olympic for several years, and *bar-ring* now and then a little *spirit-ual* forgetfulness, was always up to the mark in the discharge of his duties. He was, independent of his musical abilities, a perfect blank. He was ignorant to a degree, and al-

though he had been rubbing against men of genius, talent, and wit all his life, he never carried a bit of the colouring of their minds upon the coat of his memory. He was a very generous-hearted man, and would have gone as far to serve a friend as any other man we ever knew. He used to murder the English language in the most cold-blooded manner it was possible to conceive; and, like a great many other ignorant people, he was fond of using the most magniloquent words he could select. It is reported of him, when he heard that General Taylor had taken Matamoras, and was resting after his victory, that Marks got quite excited, and indignantly said, in the large room at the Broadway, that General Taylor, "now that he had taken Metamorphis, ought to be ashamed of himself for not rushing on and planting the stars and stripes over the Halls of Mount Vesuvius." But this is scarcely as odd as his saying that, "Cubeb (Cœlebs) in search of a Wife, was the best book that ever was written." On one occasion, when Mr. Walcott had paid him some compliment, he bowed with a peculiar grace, and said, "Praise from Sir Herbert Taylor is praise indeed." This, on the Olympic stage, among persons to whom Shakspeare was familiar as the alphabet, was received with roars of laughter, and Walcott slyly suggested that praise from Sir Astley Cooper might answer very well, in case Mr. Marks wished to vary his quotation on any other occasion. Marks could not be made to understand what there was so funny in his quoting Shakspeare; other gentlemen did it, and he thought he had the privilege too.

There was a degree of subserviency in his manner to his superiors which was very amusing. We recollect talking with Mr. Mitchell in his dressing-room, when a knock was heard at the door, and to the "Come in" of the manager,

in marched Marks. For a night or two previously, I ought to remark, he had been absent from his post, and this was the first time he had appeared to his angry manager. Marks came sadly in, with a look of deep distress in his face, and at once opened—"Mr. Mitchell, sir, if you please, sir, I wish, sir, to have some covers put upon that music, sir, down in the orchestra, sir, for it is all getting spoiled, sir, and it grieves me, sir, to see the property of a gentleman, sir, in whose theatre, sir, I am, sir, going to ruin, sir, that way, sir."

"But you know, Mr. Marks, there are other things will go to ruin, if ——"

"Yes, sir, of course, sir, they ought all to be bound, sir."

"I did not mean, Mr. Marks, the music, but ——"

"Yes, sir—but I'll take all the care I can, sir, if you will have those covered, sir, I shall be much obliged, sir; for, if I leave your employ, sir, which I hope I never shall, sir, I should like to have your music, sir, in good order,

"Well, well, Mr. Marks, I'll see to it."

"Thank you, sir, I hope you will, sir, I shall be much obliged, sir, good night, sir." And out he went.

"There," said Mitchell, "what can you say to a man that is so confounded respectful? you can get no chance to blow him up."

Marks used occasionally to give a concert. He had advertised one of these affairs a few days before it was announced that President Tyler was about to honor New York with a visit. We believe Mr. Marks consulted some members of the reception-committee, who gave him to understand they might probably induce the President to attend his concert. Upon this hint, Mr. Marks actually advertised that the President of the United States would *have the honor*

of attending the concert. This reverse announcement caused a good deal of fun, and some of Mr. Marks' friends urged him to alter the phraseology; but he could not understand the necessity, and so it remained. The evening of the concert came; but the committee had forgotten both Mr. Marks and his concert, and the President went to some other place of public amusement, where the crowd followed. Mr. Marks was all dressed, his room lighted, but not a soul appeared. He waited for the President and suit until nearly nine o'clock, when hope gave way to despair; he ordered the lights out and the room closed. He took a seat upon the top of an empty barrel, on the sidewalk, opposite the Apollo Rooms' door, and was discovered at ten o'clock, by some friends, weeping. He wished the committee of reception at the —, and swore that John Tyler was no more fit for President of the United States, than he was to be the *Autograph* of all the Russias!

Poor Marks! he now sleeps in the valley. It makes us melancholy to take a retrospective view of the past few years, and find how many of those who seemed important items in the world in which we lived and moved, have passed away, to be heard and seen no more.

Affairs went on prosperously at the Olympic, until the year 1848, when a change began to manifest itself in its fortunes. Baker, whom I have before said was prompter, &c., for the sake of getting a new name in the bill, for his benefit, concocted a piece, called "New York as It Is," the principal character in which was Mose. On any other occasion than a benefit night—upon which occasion, by the bye, actors generally take the opportunity of doing all sorts of outrageous things—Mr. Mitchell, from

the mere reading in rehearsal of it, would never have permitted it to go upon the stage. But, however, it was produced, and the first night was very coldly received. Mr. Chanfrau played the character of Mose with such effect and truthfulness, that the author of the concoction may be grateful to him that it was not hissed off the stage most contemptuously. On its repetition, the night following, the admirable delineation of Mose obtained for it a rather warm reception; and, by one of those unaccountable freaks of the public mind, quite a furor was created, and nothing was heard, sung, or talked about, but Mose. For four months did this unmitigated conglomeration of vulgarity and illiteracy keep the stage—a compliment entirely due to Mr. Chanfrau. Except the acting of this gentleman, there was not a redeeming feature in the whole affair. It was low in design, vulgar in language, and improbable in plot. Unquestionably, the treasury of Mr. Mitchell profited greatly for the time, by the success of the piece. The theatre was crowded from pit to dome nightly, and the hi-hi's of the pit testified how happy they were to see a congenial vulgarity thrust under the nostrils of a better class of people. It would be scarcely fair to judge of a person's taste, simply because they spent an evening in witnessing the rowdyism of Mose. The piece was the town talk, and few could resist the inclination to go and see for themselves what had produced such an extraordinary excitement all around them. The house was filled with a constant succession of strangers, for we venture to assert that no man with any pretension to good taste, with any love for the stage, or any desire to see it fulfil its proper uses, would ever go there twice, and sit through the abomination a second time. When the public curiosity had been somewhat satisfied, and Mose no longer

drew the crowds after him, what was the spectacle presented to the eye of the Manager of the Olympic! Why, that the boxes no longer shone with the elite of the city; the character of the audiences was entirely changed, and Mose, instead of appearing on the stage, was in the pit, the boxes, and the gallery. It was all Mose, and the respectability of the house *mosed* too. The season closed in a few weeks after Mose was withdrawn from the stage. We never heard Mr. Mitchell talk upon this subject; but, judging from the preparations he made during the vacation, for the ensuing season, he was very forcibly impressed with the necessity of making some grand move to restore the character of his house. Mose was consigned to the congenial atmosphere of the Chatham, where we don't object to see it flourish; but heaven forbid we should ever live to see any legitimate stage again profaned with such a production. The season of 1849 was not a profitable one, and that of 1849 and 50 less so. Mr. Mitchell's health had become much impaired, and he was unable to play himself as much as the interests of his theatre or the wishes of the public demanded for its full success. His mind then, as now, is as bright and suggestive as ever, but his physical powers have failed him — only temporarily, we believe. We shall only hint here, because both the gentlemen connected with our remarks, Messrs. Burton and Mitchell, are on terms of the utmost friendliness and good feeling, that the arrival of the former gentleman in New York, and his opening a theatre, devoted to the same class of entertainments for which the Olympic had been famous, was not without its effects upon Mitchell's theatre. Mr. Burton is a man of indomitable energy and perseverance, gifted with a body and mind capable of any exertion, and a dangerous

rival to any establishment which would venture to oppose him. He plays every night himself, and is, as well as being the most popular, one of the most talented comedians of the day. It would be doing injustice to Mr. Burton, to say the success of his theatre with the public was, to any great extent, the novelty of the thing. Greater novelties than the mere opening of a theatre occur every week, and yet fail. No; Mr. Burton has well merited all that he has acquired. It is intrinsic talent, combined with good business habits, which has placed him where he is.

Mr. Mitchell made a bold and vigorous effort to maintain his ground. He engaged a splendid company; but, alas! the company were of little avail without him, who had, for so many years, delighted the audiences of the Olympic with his delicious comedy, his sparkling wit, and his chaste and intellectual humor. We may wound the vanity of some, when we say that Mitchell was the *Olympic*, but in asserting this, we do not wish to depreciate the merits of any of the stars of that establishment; for their talent and excellence does not admit of question; but, we wish simply to convey the idea, that even with an inferior company, so long as Mr. Mitchell could take the leading parts, the Olympic audiences would have crowded there with undiminished pleasure and eagerness.

Independently of the gradual encroachment of a debilitating disease upon the physical energies of Mr. Mitchell, he had troubles of a domestic nature enough to crush any man to the earth. Much gross injustice has been done him in the comments which have been made by the press in relation to the melancholy domestic broils which have eventually destroyed his fireside, and left him in the decline of life without a home. We have been an eye-wit-

ness to much of the trouble which has embittered his life, and although we do not say that Mr. Mitchell is entirely free from blame in every particular, we do most boldly assert that not one man out of ten thousand, under the same provocations, would have as patiently borne the same trouble that he has. In the quarrels which occur between man and wife the public sympathy is in almost all cases with the woman. This is a failing leaning towards virtue, we admit ; but in siding with the woman it should always be borne in mind that the man has rights to be respected and feelings to be regarded, and that strict justice demands that he should be heard, and his claims to protection carefully weighed. It does not require monstrous abuses, palpable acts of infidelity, or reckless disregard of common interests in the management of domestic affairs, to render a man's home miserable, his fireside a perfect hell. Infirmary of temper, which although not always displaying itself in violent outbreaks, may so continually irritate a man of a peaceful and domestic character, that he will be glad of any excuse by which he can avoid the continual application of mustard plasters to a skin already excoriated with previous applications. We feel no delicacy now in alluding to the domestic affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, for they have become public property. We have known the parties for many years, and we think it is about time some one acquainted with these affairs should step forward and place a shield between Mr. Mitchell and his slanderers. Mrs. Mitchell was endowed by nature with a person of remarkable beauty, and a mind of no common order. In conversation she was the most eloquent person, either male or female, it was ever our lot to listen to, and by this power she has not only acquired listeners to an exaggerated

and romantic history of her wrongs, but proselytes ready to vindicate her through thick and thin. She is a woman of impulses, but in nine cases out of ten her impulses are wrong. She has reversed the old adage—for instead of building up men of straw, she has conjured up women of that material, and made herself and husband utterly wretched. Jealousy is the rock upon which she has wrecked the happiness of her life. Men are not all to be judged by the same standard. In forming a judgment, for instance, of Mr. Mitchell, it would be unfair to judge him by the same rules you would a man whose childhood was spent by a happy and well regulated fireside, under the guidance of a well ordered domestic government, and whose manhood was passed in the unruffled enjoyment and repose of an un-unexciting and unspeculative pursuit. Mitchell was thrown upon the world at the tender age of six to work for his own living. His duty was to sit in the corn-fields with a rattle in his hands to scare away the birds, an animate scare-crow; and here he would sit all day alone, a prey to his own young fancies. The monotony of his duty, as we have often heard him say, was only relieved but once in twelve hours, and that was by the passing of the London stage coach. He used to climb upon the fence, and strain his young eyes to watch the coach, and as he thought, happy load, till it disappeared into the wood in the distance, and was lost to his sight. Then he would sit down and think—compare his own condition with that of the great folks on the coach, who were free to go where they pleased; and he pictured to himself the happy home they were going to, the joy of friends to greet them, and the thousand other blessings which he, poor fellow, had not. Wearied out with such a life, he runs away and throws himself upon the world,

without guide or compass. Following a natural bent which mere accident developed, he entered upon the theatrical profession. There are unfortunately attached to the profession of an actor temptations to dissipation—whether belonging to the profession *per se*, or the adventitious circumstances resulting from public neglect, we shall not stop to argue—which scarcely belongs to any other calling. Late hours, mental exhaustion, &c., often lead the actor to touch the cup, to strengthen and sustain his wearied body and mind. There is a kind of almost necessary familiarity in certain classes of theatres between males and females far from conducive to the strictest morality. Imagine a youth whose early education had been no more cared for than that of Mr. Mitchell, thrown into a life and association of this kind, and tell us if errors which have been chiefly the result of such associations are to be judged with the same stringent rules by which the transgressions of youth more happily educated should be adjudged? That Mr. Mitchell, when he had arrived at adolescence, knew the difference between right and wrong, we admit; but his right and his wrong would necessarily be influenced by the speculum in which he had been accustomed to see moral reflections. For instance, a youth who had been constantly accustomed to see the laws of marital life continually disregarded, or with a show of regard even but lightly esteemed, would not be very likely to view derelictions from the duties of wedded life with a very severe eye. If he see all within the little world in which he lives adopting and acting upon loose principles in these matters, and has no experience of any other condition of things, he wins the pity rather than the severe censure of the just. In our society we punish the man who exposes his person in public, and ad-

judge him to be a brutal beast. It would be hard to condemn the naked savage when he only follows the example of his tribe, and has no cultivated sense of the indelicacy of his nudity. We do not, by pursuing this argument, wish to screen Mr. Mitchell from all blame ; but merely to soften the judgment, in view of his early education and habits. But in regard to Mrs. Mitchell's jealousy, it was in nine cases out of ten groundless. She accused her husband so frequently when it was susceptible of the most satisfactory proof that he was entirely innocent, that we have no doubt that he often felt that his domestic annoyances would not be much more severe if he enjoyed the game as well as the name. Mr. Mitchell is essentially a domestic man in all his feelings ; he was fond of his home, and indulgent to his family almost to a fault. Before it became necessary for Mr. M. to break up his house, in order to insure that peace and quietness so essential to him in the pursuit of his business, there was no house better provided with all that was requisite to comfort than his. No whim or desire expressed by Mrs. M. which was not gratified ; although very frequently her whims were both unnecessary and extravagant. But if Mitchell's house had been Paradise, instead of No. — White Street, his wife would never have been content. If she had no real sources of troubles, she was so facile in their manufacture that she never was at a loss for a cause of quarrel or annoyance to her husband. Jealousy had been her besetting sin from the earliest period of her marriage ; and exhibitions of it had in many instances lost Mitchell his engagements, and materially injured his professional prospects. To give some idea of the violence of her temper a great many years ago, when both were young, we will relate an instance as it was told to us. Mitchell was

manager in England of a circuit of theatres in the North. On one occasion, when he was about closing the theatre in one town, he wished to send part of his company to open the theatre in the next on the circuit—the reason of which we forget—and he sent Mrs. Mitchell with them. When about midway on the journey the conversation among the ladies turned upon those they had left behind, and one of them happened to say, “I wonder why Mr. Mitchell kept Miss —— back ; she might just as well have come with us as not.” At this remark Mrs. M. opened her ears, and with that unfortunate readiness she possessed of attributing everything her husband did to some meretricious motive, she resolved to return. At the next stopping place she got out, took advantage of a return chaise, and was soon on her way back. It was late before she reached —— ; the play at the theatre had commenced, and the lady whose name had been introduced in the conversation in the coach was upon the stage. Mrs. M. went to the theatre, and rushing on before the audience, absolutely dragged the lady from the stage, and inflicted a most undeserved punishment upon her. This is one instance of the violent character of the woman, occurring twenty-five years ago. Now for another instance, not only of violence, but absolute malice towards the man she professed to love so sincerely. The neighborhood of Mitchell’s residence in White Street late one evening was thrown into a state of great excitement by loud screams from Mitchell’s house. Quite a mob collected round the door, and anxious inquiries were made by those assembled as to the cause of the screams. Mrs. M. appeared at the windows and declared her husband was beating and abusing her. The mob were quite indignant, and threatened to break the door in and rescue her from the supposed brutal

treatment she was receiving. At this time a gentleman came along, who, on being acquainted with the cause of the excitement, said, "Gentlemen, there is some mistake in all this; for I have just this moment come from behind the scenes of the National, and I assure you I left Mr. Mitchell playing a part upon the stage, where he is, I have no doubt, at this moment. The mob quietly dispersed, and left Mrs. M. to her own reflections on the false part she had been playing. A more unprovoked effort to injure an innocent man was never made. The fact is, at this time it was found necessary for her own safety, to put her in the lunatic asylum. She was there for some months, and came out, we believe, a changed woman for a while. It was after this event that we became acquainted with the family. A temporary calm prevailed. She was afraid of a repetition of a confinement in the asylum, and for a long time confined herself to little bursts of thunder in the family circle. Mitchell, when not engaged in his professional duties, was always at home, never staying out later at night than his avocations required; and if Mrs. M. had been a different kind of woman to what she was, their home would have been a paradise of domestic peace. All outside was sunshine. The theatre was prospering; and Mitchell was laying up money, to insure a competency for their old age. But, alas! the demon of Jealousy was in his household, and the very means of farther success were made the instruments of unhappiness and suspicion. For years and years Mitchell bore this domestic thumb-screw, until at length driven to desperation by perpetual torture, he took means to relieve himself—whether they were the best that could have been adopted, may admit of question—but when a man is steeped in

trouble, he is very apt to snatch at the readiest means of rescue. But of this anon.

In the year 1840 some anonymous scoundrel wrote to Mrs. M., and gave her hints of the infidelity to her husband. She had often imagined causes of suspicion where none existed; but this confirmation, although anonymous, was too good a chance to throw away. She had now, as she thought, a real foundation on which to build, and she was determined to make the most of it. Mitchell was now, indeed, a victim. She worked herself up into such an agony of desperation, that one evening she resolved to clap the climax of her folly and take poison. She procured a quantity of arsenic, mixed it, and then drank the deadly draught. No sooner had she swallowed it than she ran into the streets, and proclaimed what she had done. Physicians were sent for, and, happily for her, were enabled to clear her stomach of the perilous stuff. This was exactly what she wanted, for the whole act was nothing but a melodramatic trick to work upon the feelings of her truant lord. Mitchell deeply, very deeply regretted the folly of which his wife had been guilty, but he was too old an artist to be much startled by a mere stage-trick. Although physically recovered from the effects of the arsenic, remorse, bitter remorse, and a sort of bastard religious feeling took possession of her mind, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, dispossessed her mind, and for twelve months she labored under a species of insanity. She seldom left her bed-room, unless it was to descend to the parlor to reproach her husband, or show any visitor who chanced to be present how her fingers and toes were mortifying. Time works wonders, and Mrs. M. so far recovered that she was enabled to go out among her neighbors and torment them with her coarse complaints

of her husband's treatment. There was a certain physician, Dr. W., of — street, who expressed a deep and abiding sympathy with Mrs. M., but which, by the bye, always resolved itself into a bill of very respectable dimensions. This Dr. W. was not content with giving his medical advice, but he must needs busy himself in the domestic arrangements of his patient, and he fostered and encouraged in her the morbid feelings which had already full possession of her heart. Mr. Mitchell's home had now become unendurable, and Mrs. M., by the advice of the first medical men in New York, was again a fitting subject for the lunatic asylum. She was sent to a private asylum at great expense, and there, having the necessary restrictions placed upon her actions, lived in the enjoyment of every comfort and luxury. Mitchell now gave up his house, sold his furniture, and took lodgings. When Mrs. M. came out of the asylum, which she did through the agency of misjudging friends, and found her house in possession of strangers, and Mr. Mitchell out of town, her rage knew no bounds. The most comfortable apartments which could be procured were provided for her, but these she would not occupy; she wanted her victim to immolate in her own house; it would have been inconvenient to have exercised her peculiar functions in a boarding-house. Mitchell kept himself concealed, and she wandered about the town haranging mobs in the streets, and otherwise making a public exposure of her affairs, until one afternoon she was picked up from the flagging in Broadway in a beastly state of intoxication, and removed to the Essex Market station-house; from there she was removed to the house of a mutual friend, and, finally, again to the asylum. A few months of strict care, and she came out a better and healthier woman, and, as we all supposed, disposed to lead

a quiet life. Mitchell was dangerously ill on her return; this seemed to mollify her feelings, for he was in a condition not even to bear the faintest suspicion to excite her jealousy, and she tended him with admirable watchfulness, and Mitchell fondly entertained the hope that a happy future was in store for him, if it should please Providence once more to restore him to health. When he was getting well he and Mrs. Mitchell used to talk together, and lay out their future plans. He was determined to build a country house and retire from business; this, however, was never carried into effect, but on his recovery he did take a handsome mansion, and furnished it agreeably to the taste and wishes of his wife. Things went on with tolerable smoothness and comfort for a while, but that restless, unsatisfied disposition soon manifested itself, and Mrs. M. resolved to go to England to fetch her mother. Ever ready to indulge her, her wishes were granted, and she sailed; she returned after a few months absence, remained quietly at home for a while, and then determined once more to visit England: again was she indulged, and there she remained until she was served with a notice of application for divorce, and then she returned, and is at present in New York. The matters between Mitchell and his wife are now being adjudicated on in courts of law, and therefore we shall say no more than this, that whatever may have been the faults of Mr. Mitchell, that he has had unusual and extraordinary provocation. There are few men could have withstood even so long as did he—over twenty years—so tempestuous a fireside. That Mrs. Mitchell, with a less boisterous temperament and more controllable passions, would have been an ornament in any class of society, we freely admit. To give our readers an idea of the jealous character of her disposition we have re-

peatedly heard her say, that she hated the ladies among the audience who happened to applaud her husband's acting. With a woman so disposed, what chance had a man of anything like peace and happiness?

We would willingly have avoided any allusion to this unhappy affair, but did not think we could do so in justice to Mr. Mitchell, of whose position it was necessary, for the purposes of these pages, to speak. For years the public press has abused him, and scarcely in a single instance has the truth been spoken in relation to him or his affairs. During the latter part of his career his losses at the Olympic were very great, and made a sad inroad into the little fortune he had accumulated. Mr. Mitchell is not yet an old man, his mind is as vigorous as ever, and we do not yet despair of seeing him take an active part in the profession, and yet make up the losses he has sustained.

During the occurrence of the events we have been relating the Park Theatre was gradually going down, and the spasmodic efforts made to retrieve its fortunes only seemed more firmly to seal its doom. Eventually it passed from the hands of Mr. Simpson into those of Mr. Hamblin. This gentleman, with his usual energy, set about re-constructing the old establishment, and succeeded in rendering the Park one of the most elegant and beautiful theatres in the United States. It was fondly hoped that the affection for Old Drury would induce its old frequenters to return to their first love ; but these hopes were destined to be disappointed, and notwithstanding the greatest exertions on the part of the management, it did not command the success reasonably,

perhaps, anticipated. We must confess we did not expect the undertaking would prosper to any great extent; the situation was too far down town for the convenience of that class of the public who were the old patrons of the Park, and we must say that Mr. Hamblin, whether justly or not, did not possess the confidence of that portion of the public; had other things been out of the way. They were a little afraid, perhaps, that a Bowery management might not exactly be a government they would like; be this as it may, the Park was not patronized, and *fortunately* for the fortunes of Mr. Hamblin, the theatre took fire and was entirely destroyed. This accident occurred in the year 1849. By its occurrence Mr. Hamblin was relieved of a certain loss, for we believe by the retirement of Mr. Simpson, the doom of the Park was sealed.

When Mr. Burton arrived in New York, to assume the management of the Theatre in Chambers Street, it was thought by many that the enterprise would certainly fail. No efforts which had been made by previous managers had won the public in favor of the place, and, besides, for a long time before Mr. Burton took it, it had been used for the filthy, brutal, and disgusting model artist exhibitions. Palmo's Opera House became at length associated in the minds of the respectable portion of the community with everything which was low and vulgar, and no decent person would have been seen to enter its doors. The Park Theatre at this time, too, had passed from the hands of Mr. Simpson into those of Mr. Hamblin; painters, builders, decora-

tors, and all kinds of artists were set to work not only to put a new face on the exterior of the old building, but reconstruct and decorate the interior, with a view to bring back to Old Drury its ancient success and position. The experiment had not yet been tried, but it was not unreasonable to suppose that with all these preliminary efforts, backed by a vigorous management, and the engagement of a superior company, that success would follow. Here it was supposed Mr. Burton would have a gigantic power to contend with, to which his place and means did not seem adequate.

The Broadway Theatre, although at that time it had achieved little or nothing, *might be* a formidable rival, if properly managed, for the public were well disposed to sustain it, providing a proper effort was made to deserve its favors, and it was hoped such would be the case. Mitchell's Olympic stood at this period undiminished in popularity, and it was thought no house, given to the same class of entertainments, could dim its bright prospects. Such was the situation of affairs when Mr. Burton took the Chambers St. Theatre, and such were some of the powers he had to contend with, and which made many of his friends tremble for his success. Mr. Burton was, however, no stranger in New York. In his profession as an actor he enjoyed an enviable reputation, and the vigor and business-like character of his managements in other cities was neither unknown or unappreciated. Mr. Burton, so far from quailing before the difficulties which beset his career, braced himself more firmly up to make a vigorous effort. He was determined to succeed, and succeeded he has, beyond his most sanguine expectations. He opened the Chambers Street Theatre in 1848, in the month of July, one of the

most unpropitious months in the whole year for such an undertaking. The attendance at the theatre for the few first months was not large, but of a highly respectable character, which, so far, was very satisfactory to the manager, as it was an evidence that under his management the previous bad reputation of the house would not materially operate against him. When Mr. Burton himself could play, the house was generally crowded, but unfortunately for the immediate prospects of the theatre, he had the care and anxiety consequent upon the management of the Arch Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, and the Front Street Theatre, in Baltimore, both of which required not only his personal attention to the business of the theatres, but his occasional appearance on the stages. The amount of business transacted by Mr. Burton at this time would have crushed almost any other man. When Pedrigo Potts asks Vincent, the travelling companion of John of Paris, what John of Paris does, and is told that "He cats, drinks, sleeps, talks, rides, and walks," Pedrigo exclaims:—"Why, bless me, he can't have a moment to himself!" When our readers are told that Mr. Burton managed three theatres, held telegraphic communications daily with two of them, gave his personal attention to the third, superintended rehearsals, made out bills, studied new parts, wrote for magazines, with all the other minutiae of a theatre, which requires the careful eyes of the manager, they will exclaim with Pedrigo Potts, "Why, bless me, the man cannot have a moment to himself!"

Mr. Burton is a man of indomitable perseverance, and capable of undergoing more mental and bodily fatigue than any other man we ever knew. The following short memoir of Mr. Burton we find ready written to our hands in the Prompter's Whistle, which we beg leave to transcribe.

Mr. Burton was born in the city of London. His father was a printer of celebrity, a capital scholar, and author of the celebrated "Biblical Researches," in which work much erudition is displayed. William received a classical education, commencing at the St. Paul's School, where the comedians Elliston and Mathews also graduated. The early death of young Burton's father altered the destination of the son's life; he was induced to give up his studies and assume the direction of the printing office. But his partiality for literature and literary pursuits was too predominant to be kept under by the engrossing calls of business. At the age of eighteen he edited a weekly newspaper, and started a monthly magazine, of which he was at once the editor, chief writer, printer, and publisher.

An intimacy with several of the leading actors brought with it a desire to try his powers upon the stage. He played as an amateur for several of their benefits, and his success induced him to resign his printing office, and enrol himself as a regular member of the Thespian corps. In a few months his assiduity and display of genuine talent recommended him to the notice of Mr. F. Samlier, the manager of several theatres on the coast of Kent; he engaged Mr. Burton as his stage director—a responsible situation for a young and inexperienced actor; but attention and tact overcame the attending difficulties. On abandoning this situation, as his talents began to claim a wider sphere for their exercise, he went to Windsor, where George IV. was holding his court—and here the young comedian first acquired that decided popularity which has since invariably attended his professional career. He was the first person who played Paul Pry, out of London, and this has since continued to be one of his most

attractive performances. On leaving Windsor, he joined the Norwich circuit, filling the situation occupied for many years by the father of Mr. Chippendale, a veteran actor of excellent abilities. Mr. Burton remained in this city seven years, playing as extensive a range of character as was ever filled by one performer, although eccentric comedy was perhaps his strongest line. His popularity was excessive. He was recognised as the principal provincial actor of England, and many offers were made to him by Charles Kemble, Morris, Bunn, Laforte, and other managers, to induce him to try the London boards.

On the retirement of Liston from the Haymarket, in 1832, Mr. Burton accepted an engagement with Morris. His success was all that could be desired. His extraordinary comic powers were universally admitted, and the best critics of the day wrote warmly in his favor. But the unexpected return of Liston to the boards, deprived him, most unfairly, at once of this principal range of characters, and after "starring" it at several of the other theatres in London, he turned his attention to the United States. He connected himself with the Philadelphia stage, and settled down as a citizen of the great republic.

While exerting himself prosperously as an actor in England, Mr. Burton had not suffered his literary talents to remain inactive. He wrote several dramatic pieces, one of which, "Ellen Warnham," was played at five different theatres in London on the same evening. Another piece ran for ninety nights at one of the minor theatres. He was at one time the editor of the Cambridge Quarterly Review. He was also a member of the celebrated Shakspeare Club, of which Macready, Sheridan Knowles, Douglass Jerrold, Laman Blanchard, Henry Meadows, the

Landseers, and other eminent men were fellow-members.

In the United States Mr. Burton's career has been a series of successes. He has been a stock actor, a star, and manager; and in all these professional departments he has won the favor and good will of his large and intelligent audiences to an extent rarely experienced. A public dinner was given him in New York some few years since, by the friends of literature and the drama, and similar honors have been awarded him in many other cities. But whilst thus ever fortunate in winning golden opinions from the masses, his ceaseless enterprise has made him enemies among the less fortunate portion of mankind. We have mentioned at length the destruction of the first National Theatre, under the management of Mr. Wallack. A few years after this a splendid Opera House was erected on the site of the old establishment. When complete, it was one of the most beautiful theatrical establishments in the United States. Mr. Wilson was the lessee and manager, and Mr. Latham stage manager. The lamented late Charles Horn, Esq., was the musical director. The National, No. 2, opened with a new opera by Mr. Horn, the principal parts of which were sustained by *Wilson*, the tenor, and Mr. and Mrs. Seguin. It was a failure. The first night of its representation it was nearly two o'clock in the morning before the audience were dismissed—a tedious length, that would have been fatal to any piece, however meritorious. Mr. Wilson's whole management was a series of blunders, from the beginning to the end; and after having sustained very heavy losses he gave up the undertaking. But a short time before the erection of this opera house in New York, Mr. Burton erected at his own cost the National Theatre in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, one of the most complete

and capacious houses in the Union. He monopolised here all the theatrical business of the city ; but the failure of the United States Bank, together with some difficulties among the owners of the land on which the theatre stood, compelled him to give up possession, by which he suffered a ruinous and irreparable loss. It is but fair to add, that he has since paid all his liabilities, and is once more on the tide of successful management.

On giving up his National in Philadelphia he became the lessee of the National Opera House in New York, after its abandonment by Mr. Wilson. He opened there with the *Naiad Queen*, which was got up in a style of gorgeousness never surpassed or equalled in any theatre in this country. Everything looked prosperous, and Mr. Burton had hopes—well-grounded hopes—that he should soon be able to redeem himself from the unfortunate position his losses in Philadelphia had placed him ; but the cursed hand of the incendiary placed the torch to the magnificent pile, and Mr. Burton once more found himself a ruined man. On this occasion a magnificent and extensive wardrobe, the property of Mr. Burton, was consumed, together with his private wardrobe, manuscripts, books, and other articles of considerable value. He was not insured to the amount of a single dollar. The citizens of New York expressed their sympathy with the manager, and a complimentary benefit at the Park placed a handsome sum at his disposal.

Whilst he has accomplished so much theatrically in this country, Mr. Burton has shown a remarkable degree of versatility, industry, and talent, by his literary enterprises and achievements. He is well known as a contributor to many of our principal periodicals, and as the editor for several years of Carey and Hart's "*Literary Souvenir*," of which

all the prose contents were from his pen. In 1836 he started the "Gentleman's Magazine," which soon became the popular "monthly" of the day, and attracted general attention by the vigor and independent tone of its criticisms. This work was afterwards transferred to Mr. Graham, and is now published under the title of "Graham's Magazine."

Mr. Burton was lessee at the same time of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and of the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, for several years, and was celebrated for the excellent taste of his productions, and for the finished manner in which they were put upon the stage.

In July, 1848, he became the proprietor of the Chambers Street Theatre, well known as Palm's Opera House; and, from the day he entered it, he has shown himself to be as capable as a manager as he is excellent as an actor. During his first season he produced "Dombey & Son" and "Lucy-did-Sham-amour;" the latter was played nearly a hundred nights, whilst the former was played three times that number, and yet continues to draw crowded houses whenever it is announced. Mr. Burton's "Captain Cuttle" is perhaps the greatest and most faultless personation ever presented on any stage. You can hardly believe but the "dientrial Edard Cuttle, mariner," stands before you, so true to nature is the representation.

In 1850, Mr. Burton sold out his unexpired leases in the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatres, and is now devoting all his attention to the Chambers Street Theatre. Mr. Burton, during his career as manager in New York, has proved himself to be a judicious manager, and may justly claim to be the first manager in the United States.

As an actor, he is well known to the public; and in a wide range of comic and essential parts is admitted to be

without a peer. His conceptions are original, and his personations remarkably free from mannerism. His humor is rich and racy. Indeed, if the success of an actor's comic exertions may be measured by the amount of merriment, the uncontrollable laughter he produces, then will it be difficult to speak of Mr. Burton in terms of praise too extravagant. His physique is admirably adapted to the character of his versatile personations. Mathews himself did not possess greater flexibility of features; and those who have seen Mr. Burton's Ollapod, Dogberry, John Jones, Sir Peter Teazle, will admit few actors can convey so much meaning by the shifting expressions of their faces. Much of the effect of his performances arises from the exercise of this faculty. We have seen him keep an audience in roars of unextinguishable laughter for minutes in succession, while an expression of ludicrous bewilderment, of blank confusion, or pompous inflation, settled upon his countenance. His voice is strong, clear, and musical, and capable of a great variety of intonations. Although his success has been marked in all his literary and managerial enterprises, it is as a comedian his talents especially qualify him to excel—it is on the stage his most lasting laurels must be won.

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NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THIS garden has been a favorite place of public resort. During the past fifteen years it has been gradually ascending in the scale of importance. The situation in the upper part of Broadway always commended it to the patronage of the fashionables of New York. Some few years ago its garden and its ice-creams, were all the claims it had upon the public patronage, for the concerts and other entertainments were of a very inferior character, and were looked upon as something thrown in with the punch and cream. Mr.—or we should say Mrs.—Niblo got ambitious, and a very beautiful dramatic saloon was erected on that side of the garden fronting Broadway; the old temple being consecrated to bad music and excellent cream. Operas, Vaudevilles, and the everlasting Ravel Family, occupied the theatrical saloon, and succeeded in attracting very large audiences. As a summer resort nothing could be more attractive than Niblo's Garden before its destruction by fire. The splendid theatre now erected on the old grounds, the entire occupancy of the pretty garden by buildings, &c., has destroyed the most attractive features of the place. Niblo's is no longer Niblo's Garden, but Niblo's Theatre. His claims upon the patronage of New York present nothing peculiar, since he has destroyed his garden, and he can only hope to succeed in his rivalry with other theatres in presenting more and better talent than can be found at the Astor-Place, Burton's, or at the Broadway. The Ravels are the scent that hang round the old place, and when these

are wasted, as they must be, at some period or other, we fear Mr. Niblo will fall back upon a broken stick, if he depends upon his own ability to manage a theatrical establishment. There is no better man in the world to superintend an ice-cream saloon. He possesses to an unlimited extent the genius of the ready waiter, and can calculate within a quart or two the amount of ice-cream which will be consumed by a given number of people. Mrs. Niblo has had the tact and good sense to keep her little fussy husband in the background; and if she only maintain this position in future, she possibly may select a good manager for her theatre, and stand a fair chance with her rivals for success.

William Niblo, or as he is generally called, "Billy Niblo," is an Irishman by birth, and came to America some years ago. Like many others of our principal hotel keepers, he commenced life in this country as a waiter in some public house, and, after a while, marrying the widow of his master, then recently deceased, he became manager of her property. Mrs. Niblo was a shrewd business woman, and while occupying the spot now known as Niblo's Theatre—then Niblo's Garden—she always attended to the details of the establishment in person, examining and auditing all the bills of the concern, and keeping a sharp eye to receipts and expenditures. Mr. John Niblo, now of the Alhambra, in Broadway, was a bar-keeper at the Garden. The Niblos, one or both, have been long known, in this and other cities, as respectable publicans, they having, at one time or other, officiated, either individually or collectively, as landlords at the City Hotel in Philadelphia, having a Mr. Heiskell for a partner—the Exchange Hotel at Petersburg, Virginia, and the Bank Coffee House in New York. After the destruction of Niblo's Garden, by fire, some

years since, John fitted up the Alhambra, where he still remains,—previously, with a seeming affection for the old spot, erecting a small shanty on the ruins, at the corner of Prince street and Broadway, where, for a short time, he sold brandy and segars. William retired to his country seat for a while—returned to town, and placed the legitimate drama on the boards of the Astor-Place Opera House—commenced the reconstruction of his present magnificent establishment—took Mr. Hackett as partner at the Astor—lost money—underwent the Macready riots, and is now prospering remarkably, as the proprietor of Niblo's Theatre, occupying the block formed by Broadway, Prince, and Crosby streets. Mrs. Niblo takes matters more easily than she was wont in days lang syne, having retired from the more active duties of the establishment, while "Billy Niblo" grows apparently younger with his years, and now looks more smiling than ever.

Niblo's Garden used to be patronised by a large class of people who had a holy horror of profane theatres; but by what ethical legerdemain they can reconcile it to their tender consciences to go there now, puzzles us exceedingly. To call the extensive ice-creamery up town Niblo's Theatre, we suspect, would be fatal to Niblo's interest; and he, very wisely, although there is scarcely a handful of dirt left for a flower-pot, still continues the old name of Niblo's Garden.

Mitchell and the whole Olympic company were engaged by Mr. Niblo for the summer season of 1834. Mr. Mitchell opened on the evening of June 3d, in that year. Mr. Mitchell had a large and talented company, but with the best of people, and the very best of pieces given in rapid variety, the season was not altogether a propitious

one—that is, in a pecuniary point of view, neither Mr. Mitchell or Mr. Niblo made much, although they lost nothing. The Revolt of the Harem was got up in splendid style. Mesdames Dejardin and Vallee, and Miss Partington, together with Korpony, Monsieur Marten, and Mr. Wells, sustaining the principal parts in the ballet. It was during this season that the famous Swiss Campanalogian Bell Ringers made their first appearance in this country. They were eminently successful, drawing crowded houses every night of their engagement. It is generally known now that these pretended Swiss Bell Ringers were English Lancashire boys. We were present at their first rehearsal at Niblo's. It was thought advisable that they should be thought to be Swiss, and they were directed by the gentlemen who controlled their actions, not to speak to any one, lest the secret of their nativity should be discovered. They promised obedience. The night came, and they were all dressed in costume. It will probably be remembered by those who ever witnessed their performances, that only eight appeared on the stage at a time, and that after playing a few airs one left, and another, a knocked-kneed individual, came on to the stage and took his place. The first night they appeared it was excessively hot, and we have no doubt but that the nervousness of a first appearance added to the hot suffering of the performers—be this as it may, when the exchange took place, and the two passed each other, the one as he went off and the other as he came on, the one making his exit exclaimed loud enough for every body to hear within twenty yards, in broad Lancashire dialect, “Eh, lad, it's bloody hot!” This seemed to knock the Swiss to the devil, and saved the trouble of any farther disguise.

The Olympic Company never felt at home in their new quarters, for it not only lacked the comfort and snugness of their own home, but they missed the warmth and feeling displayed by their own audiences. Gladly did they anticipate the close of the season at Niblo's. The evening at length came, and we never saw a merrier set of people than were collected behind the scenes on that occasion. Carpenters, scene-shifters, gas-men, dressers and supernumeraries, all partook of the general joy. After a recess of three or four weeks, they all appeared on their own boards. On the opening night at the Olympic, Miss Clarke, as a Yankee girl, delivered the following address, which was enthusiastically received by the audience, who were just as pleased as the actors to see them home again. In order that this address might be understood, we should remark that the whole company stood in tableau behind the curtain, and each one, as he was alluded to, spoke for himself. We should be doing injustice to a very talented girl, not to say that Miss Clarke delivered this address in a faultless manner.

A D D R E S S

Now, Baker, for mercy's sake, don't hold me back,
I want to see my friends—till then, I'm on the rack.

Enters.

Well, folks, how do you do; with joy I'm almost dumb,
To see *you* look so well, and find myself to hum.
I've been roaming, but goodness gracious knows,
There is no place like hum where'er one goes.
We've had right slick times at Niblo's Garden,
But this compared with that's a guinea to a farden;
I wish you could have seen us there about a week ago,
The way we packed our duds, now, wasn't slow,
And when we left the *stage* which stops up town,

To take another stage a little lower down,
 "Richard's himself again!" cried Crummles out,
 And all the fellows answered with a shout, (*applause*),
 About as loud as that, and perhaps a little louder,
 For I'll tell you what, they didn't spare the powder;
 Between ourselves, they're all behind the screen,
 A doing up their duds and fixin's, ready to be seen;
 And such a lot I never saw behind before—
 I swow, I hardly think that I can call them o'er.
 There's Crummles first, our managerial star.

(CRUMMLES.—Come to your father, love; now go to your ma.)
 Why, here's an echo of true Hibernian caste,
 Which answers questions now before they're asked;
 Next upon the list of our right merry throng,
 Is Mary Taylor, our joyful queen of song.

(MISS T. (SINGS.)—Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.)
 Well, I vow, I didn't think she was so near;
 All listeners' ears should have a thorough docking.

(WALCOT.—Shocking, my lady—positively shocking.)
 That's Walcot, doing Lord Allcash to himself in fun.

(NICKENSON.—Oh, now be aisy.)
 And that's friend Nickenson.

I sure just now may name an old familiar card,
 And one you've often seen—his name is Everard,
 He comes from our town down east

(EVERARD.—Dew tell.)

(DENNISON, (SINGS.)—The sea was bright, and the hark rode well.)
 That's Dennison, by his White Squall swell.
 Then there's Clark, (*applause*), a slight mistake, I guess,
 It's Mr. Clark, I mean, and he is not a Miss.
 Though last, not least, of old familiar friends,
 (For though there's some left out, my list here ends,)
 Is Holland, whose fun, the sourest soul would charm:
 I think I hear him when they cry out Thomas.

(HOLLAND.—Ma'am.)

But I must not forget to introduce to you,
 Some friends, and staunch ones, too, though new.
 I mean they are new to us, but not to fame,

For Fenno and De Bar have both a name.
Mrs. De Bar, I hear, will lead the corps de ballet,
And then we have a mountain in a Vallee.
Then as to music, the very best you might expect,
With Marks to lead and Loder to direct ;
For Loder is a steamboat in the music line,
He goes right through, and always true to time.
Music, heavenly maid, his sweetheart sure,
I've seen him sending notes right out tew her.
Now about myself, I reckon I'll keep dark,
And dew my duty like a faithful Clarke.

(Turns and sees Marks in the orchestra.)

Why, Mr. Marks, when on airth did you come in ?
I blush to think you heard me praise your violin.
But I'm glad to see you ; here, give my hand a pull ;
I swow I'd just as lief hear you as Ole Bull.
Just pass my greeting round to all your troop,
I'd do it, but it is so awkward-like to stoop.
Since you are here, we'll play a trick, if you've a mind,
On all those listening folks who stand behind.
I'll pull the curtain up, and smack expose to view,
Old Momus in his temple, with all his jocund crew.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

THE lots upon which this theatre is built were originally purchased by Mr. Hamblin, of the Bowery, for the purpose of erecting a theatre, after the third destruction of his own by fire. But from some cause or other it fell through, and Col. Mann and others purchased the lots, and erected the present magnificent edifice. It has failed, so far, to accomplish the purpose for which it was designed—viz., to be *the* Metropolitan Theatre of New York. If Mr. Burton and the Chambers Street Theatre were twenty miles on the other side of the Potomac, it might have a chance of acquiring a more popular position in the community. But as it is, it must be content to play second fiddle to Mr. Burton's Chambers Street Theatre. We are not conversant with the various steps which led to Col. Mann's ejection from the theatre, in which he spent his all, nor is it necessary for our present purposes that we should be. It is enough for us to know that Col. Mann has no longer any part in the management of the concern, and no interest in it, further than a person may be disposed to feel towards a spot where his dead treasures lie. The most remarkable success which has attended any of the efforts of the management, was in the production of the dramatic spectacle of Monte-Cristo, founded on the novel of that name. This piece ran with almost undiminished attraction for nearly three months. This was doing very well for *the* Metropolitan Theatre. It is now under the management of Mr. Marshall.

The friends of Col. Mann lately gave him a complimentary benefit at Niblo's Garden, which we are glad to be able to state realised for that unfortunate gentleman a very handsome sum. Mr. Burton, with a ready generosity for which he is well known, undertook the direction of the dramatic part of the arrangements for this benefit, not only that, but played himself, at a considerable sacrifice, and allowed any of his brilliant company who chose to volunteer, to play also upon that occasion. Mr. Blake, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Skerrit, Mr. Jordan, Mr. Fredericks, and Miss Walters, were among these. Other theatres—we beg pardon, one theatre and a museum—gladly lent their aid; Mr. Purdy consenting that Mrs. H. P. Grattan should appear, and Mr. Clarke, the popular manager of the museum, consented to his own absence for a single evening, and also to that of Miss Chapman, who had kindly volunteered to speak the address written for the occasion. Niblo's was crowded from pit to dome with a larger and more brilliant audience than was ever collected before within the walls of that magnificent ice-creamery. The following is a copy of the address delivered by Miss Chapman upon that occasion:—

ADDRESS

Pope wisely said, deny it they who can,
The proper study of mankind is man;
This truth admitted, guess at our delight
To find so many students here to-night,
All busy in a noble, generous plan,
To show mankind will be man-kind to Mann,
When Mann may sadly need, and who may not,
The kindly aid of every friend he's got.
Secure 'gainst trouble none can be at all,
And Adam-like, our Mann has had a fall.

Which, though involving not his race in woe
Has been to him a most disastrous blow.
The Eden lost, his ample fortune made,
His future hopes he saw with sorrow fade.
The flowers he planted, by a stranger hand,
Adorn the lovely garden that he planned;
The temple built by him with so much skill,
Despite his ruin, proudly stands there still;
Whilst he is left to wander, sad and lone,
And when he asks for bread, receives a stone.
But is the world grown cold? is kindness dead?
Shall he who gave, be now denied his bread?
Forbid it, Charity; and you are she,
Or why of worth this brilliant galaxy
Which now assembles here at duty's call,
To prove to us though Mann has had a fall,
He still has friends, like true and worthy men,
Will cheer his heart and raise him up again.
But not his ruin would I alone portray,
To bring your kindly feelings into play;
That you have cared, for by your presence here,
Yon well filled boxes show a pitying tier
The gods, we often read in ancient story,
Bestowed full many a wreath of well-earn'd glory
Upon him who manfully 'gainst wordly juggles,
Maintains his honor in misfortune's struggles.
Has he so done?—then tell him by your nod,
“An honest man's the noblest work of God.”
Certes, I speak his feelings when I say,
He feels your debtor more than he can pay:
For sums of untold gold would never do
To pay his debt of gratitude to you.
Accept his thanks, 'tis all he has to give,
And thanks he'll feel so long as he shall live.
Troubles may rise where once good fortune sat—
But Mann's a man of honor, aye for a' that.

THE ASTOR-PLACE OPERA HOUSE.

THIS opera house, intended for the exclusives of New York, who had a holy horror of mixing with the *oi polloi*, even in their amusements, had been built but a few months before May, 1849, when it was the scene of one of the saddest and most remarkable riots which ever disgraced our city, memorably insignificant in its cause, and fatal in its consequences. That two men occupying the relative positions of Mr. Macready and Mr. Forrest should be able to stir up such a flood of mutiny in a city like New York, will remain one of the wonders of the age. However talented or exalted both might be in the profession to which they are devoted, their rival and private jealousy was scarcely worth a newspaper article, much less a human life. A book gossiping about theatres would be strangely deficient were it to omit mention of the Astor-Place riots, or preserve as carefully a faithful record of it as circumstances will allow.

We condense the following account of the Astor-Place riot from a long and carefully-written account by Mr. Bangs, the editor of the Sunday Courier.

The original merits of the quarrel between Mr. Forrest and Mr. Macready we will not attempt to discuss. It originated in feelings of professional jealousy, which may seem almost unaccountable to those who are not aware of the peculiar excitements which surround the successful actor. Living as he does by the breath of popular applause, and accustomed to read in the motions of audiences the in-

dications not only of present popularity, but of future fame and success, a round of applause is not to him the trivial and momentary affair which it seems to those in the staidier walks of life. It is full of promises of successful engagements in future ; it is to him what available capital is to the merchant—it is the I O U of the world—promising to pay him the means of his support, and to provide a competency for his declining years. For these reasons we must not judge too harshly the sensitiveness with which he regards the encroachments of a rival, especially if he thinks, with or without reason, that they are procured by unfair means.

This cause of jealousy was aggravated in the present instance by the fact that the rival actors were of different nations, and felt all the ancient animosities of John Bull and Brother Jonathan warming in their veins. These national feelings, so fast dying away in the commercial world, still exist upon the stage in greater vigor than anywhere else. The British sailor there still whips single-handed his half-dozen of “bloody Frenchmen,” and General Putnam not only “fights his battles o’er again,” but rides night after night over flights of at least half-a-dozen steps in implacable hostility to the foreign tyrants, whose countrymen are perhaps sitting cheek by jowl with their rebel brethren in the boxes or the pit. It is not to be wondered at, then, that in the green-room, as well as upon the stage, the actor is more sensitive than other men to such distinctions. National lines are still to him clearly-marked divisions—the scenes of border foray. To the merchant they are only the very disagreeable sites of custom-houses, which he would fain see done away with as soon as possible. Of universal brotherhood the actor has no notion ; he still believes, like Tieck’s king, that the territory

of different nations are of different colors, as they are painted on the map. Mr. Forrest in England, and Mr. Macready in America, both felt that they were on foreign soil, and were on the watch for symptoms of discourtesy from their posts. If they were too quick to resent, let us at least make due allowance for the circumstances to which we have alluded.

It is said that this national jealousy was still further aggravated by Mr. Forrest's domestic relations. As an Englishwoman, his wife was still mindful of her having been born on the same soil with Mr. Macready; and it is a proverbial fact that no nation upon earth cling so obstinately to their native prejudices as the English. If we may believe rumor, Mrs. Forrest on many occasions allowed them to interfere with the more serious duty of a wife to sympathise with and uphold her husband. She may have been a good wife, but she was a better patriot; and her sympathies with an English actor like Mr. Macready, led her to take his side in the unhappy differences which arose between him and her American husband. Whether this really was so or not, we will not pause to enquire. The domestic griefs of the "Lord of Fonthill" are a painful subject, of which too much has already been unhappily exposed to an idle world, and we have no desire to embroil ourselves in the delicate controversy.

In thus endeavoring to explain some of the causes which inflamed an actor's quarrel to such deplorable results, we do not seek to screen from blame either of the parties. That both acted very wrong, throughout, we are fully convinced. That they allowed these causes we have enumerated to have far too great an influence upon them, and to make them forgetful of their characters as gentlemen, is

no less certain. But, after all, we cannot lay upon their shoulders the whole burden of the guilt. Had their audiences on both sides of the water been more mindful of propriety, we never should have been called upon to chronicle this melancholy affair. For them no such excuse can be made as may be urged in behalf of the actors. It was by sheer folly on the part of the public, that an actor's quarrel was made the cause of riot and bloodshed. What was Mr. Forrest or Mr. Macready to the thousands who contributed to that sad result? How had either of them merited such warm partizanship, that their private griefs should be revenged by premeditated insult and outrage, on the part of those who would not have been honored by either with a bow from the Astor-House steps. We do not know that either of these gentlemen has ever publicly expressed a regret for the terrible scenes of which they were jointly the cause: but, we are sure, that if they have the least spark of human feeling, it must be to both a source of most poignant regret that their personal quarrel should have been made the cause of such disaster. Neither has, certainly, any reason to pride himself upon the issue. One was driven from the country, and the other has associated with his name a fatal reminiscence which will never leave it.

The limits of this work will not allow us to trace out, at length, the antecedent causes of the affair, or the complicated social machinery which was undoubtedly at work through the whole progress of it. Much of this, indeed, will remain forever inexplicable. So many of the most prominent leaders among the "upper ten" of New York society were involved in the preliminary arrangements of Mr. Macready's various appearances upon the Opera-House stage, that the most determined efforts have been made to shroud

the whole in mystery. They shrank back with horror from the consequences of their ill-judged interference, and hastened to destroy all signs of their connection with the matter. In this way, a large proportion of the true facts of the case have been lost, and the complete history of the Astor-Place riots will probably never be written.

But we will hasten on to sketch such part of the scenes that transpired there as have ever been fairly ascertained.

Mr. Macready arrived in New York on Friday, April 27th, 1849, and almost immediately made an engagement with the lessees of the Astor-Place Opera House, (Messrs. Wm. Niblo and James H. Hackett,) for four weeks, commencing Monday, May 7th. This was announced some days previous, in the following card, in the city papers:—

“ASTOR-PLACE OPERA HOUSE—Monday, May 7th, 1849.—First night of Mr. Macready’s farewell engagement will be presented Shakspeare’s Tragedy of *Macbeth*.

Macbeth,.....Mr. Macready.

“Box office open on Saturday morning.”

About the same time it was announced that Mr. Forrest would commence an engagement, at the same time, at the Broadway theatre, and the natural result was, a great deal of excitement among the friends of these two rival tragedians, who were thus to be brought into direct opposition, as if to terminate their long feud by a sort of theatrical *duello*. Discussion and dispute ran high between them; and, from low murmurs, the strife gradually took articulate voice; and, at last, engrossed the attention of the public prints. Not only the journals which usually devote a large portion of their columns to the drama, like the Sunday press, but even the commercial papers, took up the theme, and, for the most part, we are sorry to say, fanned the

flame of discord. The *Herald*, according to its wont, was foremost in this work, and by alternately praising and bespattering each party, and throwing out hints to their friends, contributed not a little to increase the excitement. It is not probable, however, that either editors, actors, or the public, had the slightest thought then of the possibility of matters coming to such a pass as they afterwards did. We cannot believe that the most reckless among them would voluntarily have incurred such a responsibility as must forever rest upon all those who had a hand in bringing on the events of the last fearful night. To the editors it seemed probably but a matter of passing amusement, which furnished excellent matter for a few spicy paragraphs. The managers undoubtedly looked for crowded houses and immense receipts as the only result of the excitement, and the many-headed, many-tongued public looked upon it as the last theme of gossip, a pleasant relief from platitudes about the weather, and a gentle stimulus to languid curiosity as to the comparative success of the rival actors.

But a most singular fact, and one that has never been satisfactorily explained, was the great and absorbing interest taken in the question by that class of the community commonly known as "the boys." The "boy" of New York, or, to address him in his own phrase, "the b'hoy," is a character too well understood by all who are acquainted with our city to need sketching here. To those abroad, it may be necessary to state, that the term does not by any means imply extreme youth. On the contrary, the class to which it is applied, consists, for the most part, of those who have already attained the years of manhood. It embraces, however, a very wide variety both of age and of character, from the complete rowdy, whose only vocation

is to "pick a muss" and "*run wid der machine*"—he rarely *works* with it—to the intelligent young mechanic, who only seeks in an occasional "lark" a relief from the monotony of his daily labor. But, when these discordant materials are brought to harmonize and act upon any occasion, in a mass, they form a most effective force, whose power in a riot nothing short of military discipline can withstand.

By what means so strong a feeling against Mr. Macready was propagated through this body, is one of those secrets which, as we have said before, has never been satisfactorily explained, and probably never will be. Something must be attributed to national prejudice, and something to partiality for an actor whose early career upon the boards of the Chatham and Bowery was still green in the memory of their audiences. But, after all, there remains a balance for which we can only account by the supposition that some unseen influences were powerfully at work, and that they were directed by hands which never have emerged from behind the scenes. What the ulterior purpose was, is as hard to tell. Perhaps there was none beyond the defeat of Mr. Macready; perhaps the excitement got up upon this subject was intended for after use in some other direction. It has been hinted—and the thing is not impossible—that politics, that ubiquitous demon of all American plans, had some designs at work. The notorious Empire Club has been accused of participating in the riot. Its leader, Capt. Rynders, was certainly prominent there, though the want of legal evidence and the talent of John Van Buren saved him upon his trial. But the evidence adduced at that time gives us no good reason for believing that either his club or any other large organized body took part as such. If there was any concert at all on the spot, it was only between a few of the prime movers.

As the night of performance drew near, the signs of strong feeling among the class we have described, increased. The avidity with which Opera House tickets were purchased, by those who had never before seen its luxurious interior, was surprising. "The boys were bound to be there;" this was evident. They probably dreamed as little as any one of the extent to which the disturbance would go. They looked upon it as a piece of mischievous fun, with a serious moral hidden under it; and that moral was the absolute necessity for Mr. Macready's sudden and ignominious retreat across the ocean. They rather enjoyed the prospect of a "muss" among the velvet sofas of the Opera House, and doubtless counted on their ability to frighten its white-kidded occupants into flight by a single yell. Had this been realized, Mr. Macready would probably have been driven off, and there the matter would have ended. It was the spirit of determined resistance with which they were met, that afterwards roused them to fury, and turned their rough play into savage earnest.

On Monday morning, the campaign was opened by the following placards, in close proximity, upon all the fences:

ASTOR PLACE OPERA HOUSE.

Directors,

MESSRS. WM. NIBLO & JAS. H. HACKETT.

This evening will be performed

M A C B E T H .

Macbeth,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Macready.
Lady Macbeth,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Pope.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

Proprietor, - - - - - E. A. Marshall.

This evening will be performed

M A C B E T H .

Macbeth,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Forrest.
Lady Macbeth,	-	-	-	-	Miss Wallack.

The excitement still continued ; and, before evening, it was found that more tickets had been sold than the whole Opera House could accommodate. This completed the alarm of Mr. Niblo, who immediately sought the Chief of Police, and requested the presence of a strong detachment of his men for the evening. These were granted ; but came, for the most part, too late, to be of much service in the scenes which followed.

To a person upon the stage of the Opera House, just previous to the rising of the curtain, the scene was exceedingly curious and exciting. The entire area of boxes, parquette, and amphitheatre, was a dense mass of humanity ; and, singularly enough, more than usually orderly and silent. The boxes were filled with the beauty and fashion of the city ; the number of well-dressed females present being, if anything, larger than ordinary. This portion of the audience looked anxious ; and, occasionally, a slight indication of nervousness was apparent ; but, generally, they behaved with remarkable propriety and firmness, although, from the complexion of other parts of the house, a breeze was evidently in contemplation—a tempest was coming, the end of which no one could conjecture.

Occasionally a rough-looking, carelessly-dressed individual planted himself very confidentially among these gentle dames and damsels, evidently much to their annoyance, but no extraordinary notice was taken of the circumstance at the time. The parquette and amphitheatre, however, were an entire cram of bone and muscle !—every available nook and standing-place was crowded, and a very significant feature of this portion of the audience might be noticed in the fact, that instead of the well-recognized countenances of the usual frequenters of these parts of the theatre, *most of the*

faces were new and strange! They were still, however, and although continually accessions were pouring in, seat or standing-room was yielded with the most perfect good humor. Any person who had attempted a critical scrutiny of the majority of these new patrons of the legitimate drama, both alow and aloft, would have at once detected under the small cloth cap of many, visages of rather determined aspect, rough enough, and ready enough, to all appearance, for any kind of a lark which might chance along. The dress, too, as a general thing, did not belie the promise of the physiognomy, and not unfrequently a pair of coatless arms and shoulders betrayed the unmistakeable presence of the habitual check grubbers and free list sponges from the pits and third tiers of the Olympic, the National, and the Bowery. Occasionally a message of some description or other, was mysteriously telegraphed from the vicinity of the stage to the wings of the amphitheatre, and vice versâ, by which it was apparent that a perfect understanding existed between these two remote points, and that whatever was about to transpire, their proceedings would be in unison. Once in a while a shrill voice came down from above piercingly into the parquette, with, "I say, Jim! come hup 'ere!—'ere's some o' McReady's hangels!—haint they sweet 'uns?" &c., &c., the Cockneyisms being put on provokingly rich and musical for this one special occasion. But, generally, the "boys" behaved very well during the brief interval between the opening of the doors and the "hysting of the rag," replying to the point blank eye shots of several impertinent lorgnettes from the boxes only with sundry cabalistic gyrations around the extremity of their nasal protuberance, with the thumb and four fingers of their right or left manipulator, or an occasional compound of both, as circumstances might require.

At length, as the ominous hour of half-past seven P.M. drew near, the regular "tramp" warning peculiar to the Chatham and Bowery, commenced. At first faint, apparently timid and scarcely recognizable it came. "*Tap! Tap! rap-rap-tap!*"—" *Tap! Tap! rap-rap-tap!*" but, as no notice seemed to be taken of it, the summons grew gradually louder.

Mr. Niblo, who was behind the scenes in consultation with Mr. Hackett—as the first slight echo of the unusual stage reveille sounded in his ear—stepped lightly to the wing, and pulling the edge of the drop curtain slightly towards him, took a brief but earnest survey of the scene before him. Officer Bowyer, of the Chief's Bureau, who had just at that moment arrived, having been directed to report himself to Mr. Niblo in person, was standing beside the veteran manager as he was thus surveying the scene of action, and turning to the officer—

"This looks rather dubious, Mr. Bowyer!" remarked Mr. Niblo, slightly flushed in countenance, and with a tone of anxiety.

"Yes, the 'Boys' are here, certainly!—What induced you to sell so many tickets?—People are making a tremendous rush at the doors yet, and the house is full—over full already!" was the rather impatient response.

At that instant the orchestra commenced an overture, and the "tramp" call ceased for the moment.

"What do you think, Mr. Hackett?" queried Mr. Niblo of his partner, "Is there going to be any disturbance?"

Mr. Hackett did not know, but passed the question to Bowyer. Officer Bowyer took Mr. Niblo's place at the wing for a few moments, and then shifting to the other side he managed from these points of reconnoissance to obtain a critical survey of the entire audience.

"There is mischief in the parquette and amphitheatre," remarked the policeman, "but probably no actual violence will be attempted—'the boys' will make a noise, and endeavor to prevent the play from proceeding, but possibly they will do nothing further. They seem to be patient and good-natured, but Mr. Macready may expect a rough reception."

Mr. Macready, who had, meanwhile, been busy in his dressing-room, now joined the trio. His appearance was calm and collected,—firm, without any approach to bravado. He also indulged in an intent and searching glance, from the covert peep-hole, at the gay parterre of silks, opera-hats, ribbons and laces, in the middle ground of the picture, and thence dropping his gaze towards the footlights, his eye measured—with a slight unquiet twinkle, however—the closely stowed mass of American patriotism which was there congregated. A single raising of the eyelids, and rapid mental estimate of the character and probable content of the red and glowing faces with which the upper galleries seemed to swarm, appeared to satisfy the dramatic investigator that something dubious was abroad, and turning upon his heel, he commenced an abstracted and moody march, to and fro, in one of the dark recesses of the wings.

The band of the orchestra ceased, and almost instantaneously the ominous "tramp" call was re-commenced, but louder and more determined.

"*Tramp! Tramp! Rap, rap. Tramp!*"

"*Tramp! Tramp! Rap, rap. Tramp!*"

Mrs. Pope, dressed as Lady Macbeth, at this moment made her appearance, pale with real excitement and agitation.

"My God! Mr. Hackett!" exclaimed the lady, in a

hurried half whisper, energetically breathed into the very ear of the nervous manager—"my God! what is the matter? Are we to be murdered!—murdered, here to-night?"

"Keep calm, my dear madam!" was the forced reply—"there is no cause for alarm—everything will go on smoothly!"

But still that infernal "*Tramp! Tramp! Rap, rap. Tramp!*" continued, increasing in vigor each moment, until the entire house fairly trembled with the measured vibration.

"Mr. Bowyer, is the Chief here?" asked Mr. Niblo, in evident doubt as to his course.

"I cannot say. I do not see him anywhere. He does not generally leave the office down-town until half-past seven."

"*Tramp! Tramp! Rap, rap! Thump!*" was another response.

"How many policemen are there in the house?"

"I cannot tell. The order came very late, and we——"

"But the Chief should have known! I told him myself two hours ago!"

"What do you want the police to do?—Mr. Niblo?" was the quiet query of officer Bowyer.

The perturbed manager mused for a second or two, as the stage behind the curtain was filling with the alarmed attachés of the theatre, who came crowding on, hardly knowing why, yet anxious and fidgety. He glanced a moment around the motley groups—exchanged two or three words in a low tone with his associate—spoke an instant with Mr. Macready and Mrs. Pope, who were at the time standing together, far up the boards, and, with the tremendous

"THUMP!—THUMP!—*tramp!*—*tramp!*—THUMP!" shaking even the heavy central chandelier, until the pendants tinkled—gave the necessary preliminary directions, and ordered to ring up the curtain!

The customary warning bell had not ceased its vibrations, when the signal sounded, and slowly the immense scene lifted, arresting the terrific—

"THUMP!—THUMP! *tramp-tra—*" midway in its execution, and disclosing a very chaos of heads, each intently turned towards the stage, but suddenly stilled and motionless; the house was for a short time unusually quiet. The First Witch scene was fairly given, and apparently listened to with considerable interest, many of the "boys" being somewhat bewildered with the rich but unearthly scenery before them, the stage appointments being on a scale of grandeur and magnificence entirely at variance with the humbler affairs of the Bowery and National.

In the Second Scene, where Duncan enters, addressing Malcomb,

"What bloody man is that," &c.,

many of the Republican Reformers took the wrong cue, and supposing Duncan to be Macbeth, commenced a pretty energetic hiss, of short continuance, however, as the mistake was quickly explained, and acted upon promptly.

The Third Scene, also, so long as the Witches had the stage to themselves, progressed quietly enough, but when Macbeth came on with Banquo, exclaiming:—

"So foul and fair a day I have not seen!"

the business of the night commenced in earnest.

Mr. Macready had heard the ominous note of reception awarded the representative of Duncan, and taking the hint, on the instant, in regard to the true aspect of affairs, he

nerved himself for the emergency. His manner, while behind the scenes, awaiting the impending storm, which he saw was about to break upon his head with remorseless fury, was firm and collected; and, at the moment indicated, he strode on with an assumed confidence and assurance he by no means felt.

The result of his appearance was singular, but decisive as it regarded the aspect of coming events.

At his first entrance, he was greeted with a succession of plaudits; apparently rather unanimous, for which he repeatedly bowed to the audience; but as the thumping of canes and clapping of hands began to die away, there arose, seemingly from all parts of the house, but especially from the parquette and amphitheatre, a determined and overpowering *hiss*, which, in a few moments, waxed nearly deafening, and with the mingling of groans, cat calls, shrill whistles, and other outre noises, completely drowned every effort of his friends to sustain him by their hands or voices! Macbeth folded his arms across his breast, and confronting the audience, awaited the termination of the windy tempest, but Macbeth had not calculated the wind of the "boys" correctly. A minute elapsed, and the infernal *Hiss-s-s-s*! still continued, the demoniacal symphony being varied by an intermixture of most villanous groans and other uncouth sounds, with a fair sprinkling of oaths and sundry unmistakable hints to abdicate the premises, ere yet the Thane of Glamis became likewise Thane of Cawdor!

Mr. Macready here committed an imprudence, which, probably, had much to do with the origin of the subsequent sad and fatal disaster. Finding that the hisses were becoming more energetic, and the groans fast rising into yells, he suddenly stepped forward to the footlights, and, with a

glance of defiance at the amphitheatre, gradually dropped his gaze, until his eyes rested full upon the midway occupants of the parquette seats—then, with his arms still folded, and his brow contracted into a scowl of mingled derision and scorn, he slowly paced the breadth of the stage, eyeing, as far as possible, each individual who so pertinaciously opposed his proceeding with the play! This was in bad taste—it was a mistake which did not mend the fortunes of the actor, although perhaps it evinced his power of nerve as a man. The consequence was, that instead of stilling or checking the tumult, the uproar was redoubled, and finally ascertaining that no cessation of the torrent of abuse would ensue, he turned and attempted to proceed with that portion of the Act. But as well might any common squirt have been heard amid the roar of Niagara, and the business proceeded in what was, to all intents and purposes, dumb show, until the drop. Indeed, the feelings of the excited crowd now began to manifest themselves in indignities towards the other actors, whom they seemed suddenly to regard as *particeps criminis*, and accordingly the racket recommenced as soon as the curtain lifted for the Fourth Scene, before Mr. Macready came on. His presence, shortly after, added fresh impulse to the tornado, and the “boys,” seeing that he was determined to go through in pantomime that which they would not allow him to speak, began to show more earnest demonstrations. Many of them arose in their seats, shaking their fists at the obnoxious actor; and as Mrs. Pope came down towards the orchestra, in the character of Lady Macbeth, they greeted her mute appeal with such an outburst of ribaldry and vulgarity as to drive her up the stage again, mortified and blushing even through her paint.

Mr. Macready, however, although Messrs. Hackett and Niblo were at their wits' ends, and fearful for the safety of the theatre, still persisted in going through. He had seen some other rows in the course of his professional career, and was not to be frightened from his propriety by a rabble.

In this matter the first act was got through with without a word being audible. The doors were closed except for egress, and guarded against the throng who were pressing for admittance. As no act of personal violence had yet been attempted, the Chief of Police, who was now on the spot, did not feel authorized to make any arrests. The managers, and Mr. Macready himself, attempted in vain to get a hearing: but the actor was still determined to go on, and it became evident that noise alone would be utterly unable to stop him.

“Accordingly, in the Castle Court Scene, at the commencement of the Second Act, Macbeth's entree with the servant was greeted with a potatoe or two from the higher gallery, followed immediately by a number of eggs of an unsavory odor, which struck the stage in the immediate vicinity of the great tragedian, the eggs, as they broke, bespattering the half-regal garments of the ambitious Thane. Macready hesitated but an instant, and then went on, while the “Hi! Hi's!” groans, hisses, and yells, grew more deafening and tremendous. There seemed an almost simultaneous rising of nearly the entire audience, apparently under the apprehension that some more serious outrage was about to be committed—nor were they long in suspense!

At the instant that Macbeth, after the exit of the servant and Banquo, strikes that superlatively tragic attitude where he exclaims:—

“Is this a dagger which I see before me,
Its handle towards my hand?”——

a chair of respectable dimensions was suddenly hurled from the north wing of the amphitheatre, where it nearly overhangs the stage, accompanied with the stentorian answer which sounded clear and distinct even above the fearful uproar which filled the house at the time—

“No, you miserable John Bull! *It's a chair, and be d——d to you!*”

The missile fell at Macready's feet, crushed into shapeless lumber, while the startled actor, for the first time, evinced signs of wavering!

“Go off the stage!” “Clear out, G—d d—n your English soul!” “Hoo!” “Hiss-s-s-s!” “Three cheers for Ned Forrest!” and *crash!* came another chair from the same location!—another was following it, and was already midway in its descent from the upper regions, when Mr. Macready, doubtless considering that he had stood this sort of appeal full as long as prudence warranted, vanished behind the wings, and the curtain fell amid hootings, screams, and imprecations, such as could only be imagined as prevalent in Pandemonium broke loose!

Mr. Macready left the theatre at once by the private door. In order to announce this fact to the audience, it was necessary to chalk the intelligence upon a large board which was held up in front of the stage. Finally, Mr. Clarke, the present stage manager at Barnum's, succeeded in obtaining a hearing; a favor which may have been owing to his former popularity among the “boys” when upon the Bowery stage. He announced that the farce would go on, and the house was in some measure quieted; partly in consequence of the reinforcements of police which had arrived, but principally because the great object had been attained, in driving Mr. M. from the stage.

Thus passed the first memorable night of the Astor-place riots. Had the matter ended here it would have been well. We might regret, indeed, that a stranger, and an actor of really great merit, should have met with such uncourteous treatment; but we should have been spared the remembrance of one of the darkest stains upon the character of our city. Mr. Macready would have left the country in disgust; indeed, he immediately engaged passage in the next steamer from Boston; but the whole affair would have been of comparatively trifling moment, and soon forgotten.

This, however, was prevented, and the strife was continued to a far more disastrous close by an attempt which originated, we do not doubt, in the best of motives, but which we cannot but deem ill-judged. A number of gentlemen, occupying prominent positions in literature and society, felt naturally grieved at the rude treatment which Mr. M. had received, and were desirous of vindicating, in his eyes, the character of the city for hospitality and refinement. The sequel proved that they did not estimate sufficiently the strength of his opponents, nor the depth of feeling which had been excited against him. Some of them erred also in the means by which they attempted to secure him a favorable reception on the second night. On a trial of strength they were no match for the "boys." On Tuesday night the following card was addressed to Mr. Macready:

TO W. C. MACREADY, ESQ

Dear Sir :—The Undersigned, having heard that the outrage at the Astor Place Opera House, on Monday evening, is likely to have the effect of preventing you from continuing your performances, and from concluding your intended farewell engagement, on the American stage, take this public method of requesting you to reconsider your decision, and of assuring you, that the good sense

and respect for order, prevailing in this community, will sustain you on the subsequent nights of your performances.

Ambrose L. Jordan	Washington Irving
Edward Sandford	Francis B. Cutting
Willis Hall	Jos. L. White
James Foster, Jr.	Matthew Morgan
Duncan C. Pell	David C. Colden
Ogden Hoffman	Ogden P. Edwards
Howard Henderson	John R. Bartlett
Samuel B. Ruggles	Richard G. White
James Collis	Evert A. Duyckinck
Edward S. Gold	J. Prescott Hall
Wm. Kent	Robt. J. Dillon
John W. Francis	Ralph Lockwood
Wessel S. Smith	Wm. C. Barrett
W. M. Pritchard	David Graham
David Austen	Edward Curtis
M. M. Noah	James Brooks
F. R. Tillou	J. E. De Kay
Henry J. Raymond	Jacob Little
Pierre M. Irving	H. W. Field
Denning Duer	Chas. A. Davis
Moses H. Grinnell	Herman Melville
Simeon Draper	George Bruce
Henry A. Stone	Cornelius Mathews."

On Tuesday evening, for which Mr. M. had been announced in Richelieu, the Opera House was closed; on Wednesday Mr. Hackett himself played in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Mr. Macready having consented to play again after the reception of the above card, Thursday night was fixed for his reappearance in Macbeth. Both parties prepared for the struggle. The lessees, with some of the signers of the card, called upon Mayor Woodhull and concerted measures for defending the Opera House in case of a riot. They also secured large quantities of tickets

and distributed them freely for the purpose of securing a favorable audience. Their opponents were equally busy. Placards were posted about the walls, some pretending to favor Mr. M., and couched in language adapted to excite prejudice against him ; some more openly hostile, of which the following is a specimen :

WORKINGMEN!
SHALL
AMERICANS
OR
ENGLISH RULE
in this city !

The Crew of the BRITISH STEAMER have Threatened all Americans who shall dare to express their opinions this night at the

ENGLISH ARISTOCRATIC OPERA HOUSE!!

We advocate no violence, but a free expression of opinion to all public men !

WORKINGMEN!—FREEMEN!!

STAND BY YOUR
LAWFUL RIGHTS!!

AMERICAN COMMITTEE.

It appeared in evidence upon the trial of Judson, that some of the very tickets distributed by the friends of Macready, were obtained by his opponents, and supplied to the friends of Ned Forrest. This was termed "spoiling the Egyptians!"

On Thursday morning appeared a voluminous correspondence relating to the difficulties between Messrs. Forrest and Macready in England ; and again the rival placards were posted side by side.

ASTOR PLACE OPERA HOUSE.

Directors,

MESSRS. WM. NIBLO & JAS. H. HACKETT.

This evening will be performed

MACBETH.

Macbeth,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Macready.
Lady Macbeth,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Pope.

BROADWAY THEATRE.

Proprietor, - - - - - E. A. MARSHALL.

This evening will be performed

THE GLADIATOR.

Spartacus,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Forrest.
Julia,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Wallack.

It was peculiarly unfortunate that just at this time the new Mayor, but a day or two installed, was scarcely versed enough in the duties of his position to act with all the decision that was required. Still, dispositions were made on Thursday to meet any emergency, by detailing a body of three hundred men to the Opera House, and ordering two regiments of citizen soldiery to be under arms, and at their quarters on that evening. The Opera House was carefully occupied, the men posted, and the windows barricaded; and thus they awaited for the conflict to commence.

As soon as the doors were opened a rush commenced, which, in a very short time, nearly filled the house. Most of the doors were soon closed again, and the complaint was made that none were admitted but those who bore tickets with the private mark of the Macready party. An attempt was made by a party outside to batter down one of the doors, but was prevented by the police. The glass lamps were broken, and stones were thrown through a single window that had been left unbarricaded, falling inside among the audience.

The play commenced, amid a storm of cheers and hisses. But, on the whole, the scene within the house was of a less

exciting character than on the previous night. The audience had been carefully picked; and "the boys" were in the minority. Still they maintained a determined noise. The play proceeded almost in dumb show till after the commencement of the second act. Then, just as the rioters were about to jump in a body from the parquette to the stage, the Chief of Police gave the preconcerted signal, by raising his hat. In an instant, the police sprang to their work. The house was quickly cleared of all but a few of the most violent; the doors were closed again, and the latter found themselves very cleverly caught, and most effectually prevented from helping their friends outside. The whole was admirably done; and thus ended the play within.

But without, the drama was rapidly approaching its terrible *finale*. The crowd that surrounded the building had grown still more numerous and desperate. The Seventh Regiment marched up Broadway, led by a body of horse. Their arrival upon the scene of action only made the mob more furious, and they were attacked with stones and missiles of all description. The horse were soon forced to withdraw, but the infantry stood their ground like veterans. The civil authorities delayed the order to fire; and meanwhile the troops were exposed to the most incessant annoyance, without the power of defending themselves.

At last it became evident that they must either fire or withdraw. It was even doubtful whether they *could* withdraw—whether on the first symptoms of retreat the mob would not overwhelm them, and wrest the muskets from their hands. As a last effort, Recorder Tallmadge boldly went forward and harangued the rioters.

But it was in vain! In vain, although with a voice, stentorian and trumpet-toned, he informed the enraged and

frenzied masses, that in the eye of the law they were all rioters!—that if blood were shed—if life were taken, they alone would be responsible for the consequences!—that the military were present to protect the theatre—to protect Mr. Macready—to preserve the peace of the city, and their *duty would be performed at all hazards!*—that the muskets of the National Guards were loaded with *ball cartridges*, and that in *one minute*, unless they ceased that disgraceful tumult, the painful but *necessary order would be given to FIRE!* and that the troops *would obey that order!* For the sake of the dignity and honor of New York city, whose people they were, he asked them to disperse and retire from the location. In vain! As members of the great family of Americans, worshipping at freedom's common altar, he adjured them no longer thus to desecrate her sacred temple—the soil of free America! In vain! In behalf of humanity itself, there disgraced, bleeding, and trampled upon, he implored them to cease that cowardly and unholy warfare! In vain! As fathers, as brothers, as sons—as children of one common family—as members of the great brotherhood of man—for the sake of the homes which they held dear—of the loved ones whom they prized—he urged, entreated, and implored. It was in vain! As well might a mere mortal ask the undying volcano to cease its fires, or the stormy sea to calm its surges and be still!—Finally, in the name of the *great and omnipotent law*, whose majesty they had contemned—whose power they had derided—whose statutes and enactments, fabricated and consented to by themselves, they themselves had thus shamefully disregarded, he *demand*ed an instant and entire cessation of the riot—in the name of the peace, of the sovereign State of New York, then suffering ignominious violence at their hands, he, the

Recorder of New York city and county, *commanded* their immediate dispersal! "Retire," said the self-sacrificing, energetic magistrate: "retire instantly to your homes!—depart each one of you! I warn you upon your peril, remain in this vicinity not one moment longer! Depart, I adjure you, and let this street be cleared, or the soldiers here beside me—your own brothers—the armed citizens of New York—*will fire upon you, as sure as there is a God above us!* This building *will be protected*, whatever consequences ensue!—the sacred majesty of the law *will be vindicated!* Disperse! Don't wait for the fearful order! Disperse! Every good citizen will linger here no longer. Go home! each one—go home! For God's sake, fellow citizens! brothers! quit this spot, and let this tumult—this cruel and dastardly attack cease!"

But the only replies to these humane and philanthropic efforts, were renewed abuse, scoffs, hoots, yells of defiance, and fresh volleys of stones!

In truth, such was the diabolical uproar, that even the strong voice of the Recorder could be heard but a few feet from the spot where he stood, and, probably, few, very few of the mob ever understood a word of the remonstrance—the earnest request, or the menace!

"Gen. Hall," said the Recorder, as he slowly struggled through the crowd up to the spot where that officer was standing, at the right of the battalion under his immediate charge; "you must order your men to fire! It is a terrible alternative, but there is no other!"

"Is the Mayor here to issue the order?" queried the careful soldier.

"Sheriff Westervelt's authority is sufficient. Mayor Woodhull, as I am just informed by Justice Mountfort, has

left the theatre, and taken up his head-quarters at the New York Hotel."

"Had not the Mayor best be sent for?" asked one of the minor magistrates present.

"The National Guards cannot stand here another minute!" responded simultaneously Gen. Sandford and Col Duryea, who had just joined the conference. "Nearly one-third of the force is disabled already."

"You need not send for the Mayor—he will not come here again to-night!" interposed a policeman, his head bound with a handkerchief, beneath which the blood was trickling down his cheek, from a severe blow of a stone over the temple.

"What say you, Sheriff Westervelt?" asked Gen. Hall.

"Has the 'Riot Act' been read?" interrupted a well-dressed "sympathiser," dodging his head out of the doorway. "I warn you never to fire upon the people until they hear the 'Riot Act!'"

"The 'Riot Act' has been *heard* sufficiently all the evening!" replied the Recorder. "Mr. Sheriff, I consider your duty plain and imperative!"

"Gen. Sandford!" was Mr. Westervelt's response—"you have my permission to act as you consider indispensable in this emergency!"

"Do you give me the order to *fire*?"

"*I do, sir!* It is the only resource left!"

"Mr. Matsell, call in your policemen—we shall be forced to employ bullets in half a minute!" and stepping in front of the line, Gen. Sandford, with some difficulty, made himself understood so as to bring the troops to the position of "Ready!" at the same time warning the mob to fall back, *as the guards would most assuredly fire!* He was accom-

panied by Gen. Hall and Col. Duryea, who exerted themselves to the utmost in inducing the people to retire, and thus save themselves and the force under them the painful alternative !

But all this was of no avail. The rioters would *not* understand that the movement was sincere, or else, in their mad passion, they seemed determined to brave even death itself rather than desist from their infamous assaults.

“ Fire and be d—d ! ” “ Fire if you dare ! ” “ To hell with your guns ! ” “ Shoot away, you infernal sons of —— ! ” “ *Fire into this !* ” yelled a grimed and heavy-bearded rioter, holding a large stone between his knees, while with both hands he tore open the bosom of his red shirt ! “ Take the life of a free-born American for a bloody British actor ! *Do it !* Aye, you darsen’t ! ”

“ *Fire*, will ye ? ” screamed another, hurling a missile at Gen. S., which took effect upon his sword arm, rendering it powerless for the time—“ take *that*, ye chalk-livered oakum-faced rat ! ” “ Hoo !—altogether, now boys ! Hit ’em again ! Give the counter-jumping sogers hell ! ” and other similar but more outrageous language, was the only response to these humane efforts.

At the moment when Sheriff Westervelt indicated to Gen. Sandford the determination of the authorities to resort to the extreme remedy, the police, with their stars concealed, were intermingled with the crowd, immediately in front of the theatre. They had just restored the captured muskets to the troops, and, occasionally singling out a rioter more violent and disorderly than the rest, they would manage to jostle him from the mass, when, by a sudden and concerted movement, they were sometimes successful in effecting his arrest and removal to the interior. It was a

matter of imminent necessity that these policemen should be called within the lines immediately ; but the task proved not at all an easy one, since at the time the Chief received his caution from Gen. S., a pretty energetic fight was progressing for the possession of a prisoner, between the officers and the rioters.

As it was, the first volley was fired while many of the policemen were still in the midst of the mob, and even at the second discharge, several of them were exposed, they being still within the range of the military.

The pause for the last but fatal command was brief—yet those few moments were almost hours of fearful suspense to those who *knew* that death brooded above that mass of violence and criminality ! Certainly, the general aim was not a murderous one ; yet none might tell the mischief about to be occasioned by a glancing ball or a stray bullet. Friends and relatives, possibly, were amid the multitudes before them ! And besides a dangerous and delicate experiment was about to be tried ! If this demonstration did not serve to intimidate, what would be the next resort ? Would the Guards obey the order if commanded to pour a point-blank volley into the bosoms of their fellow-citizens ? *If they should refuse, WHAT NEXT ?*

These were startling questions !—Nay, they were terrible ! !

A moment or two would decide all ! !

“ FIRE ! ! ”

The word came from Gen. Hall, clear and distinct !—it was heard above the din and confusion, along the whole line !

A single musket, on the extreme left, responded ! !

“ FIRE ! ” exclaimed Gen. Sandford, with all the energy of voice his lungs would afford.

Three more pieces on the right were discharged almost simultaneously !

“ FIRE !!—*Guards !!*—FIRE !!! ” shouted Col. Duryea !—and the remainder of the volley flashed forth, the pieces speaking with that sharper and fuller toned report which distinguishes the service charge from the mere powder and paper of field days !

The instant glare lit up a sea of angry, excited faces in Astor Place—of human forms clustered in the windows and on the roofs of the adjacent buildings !—the battered and broken lamps in front for a moment were seen plain and distinct—the shattered windows of the theatre itself were for a twinkling visible, and then all again was darkness ! while the blue, sulphurous smoke rolled outward among the crowd, or curled, in dim eddies, around the Guards themselves !

And thus ended the Astor-Place riots. The mob soon broke and fled ; for they now knew that the authorities were terribly in earnest. The ebnoxious player was vanquished and driven out ; but it had cost thirty American lives to do it. The majesty of the law was vindicated ! Peace to the memory of those who fell ;—let us not judge harshly of the dead !

CHATHAM THEATRE.

THIS theatre was built for Flynn and Willard, the former lessees of the National Theatre. Mr. Flynn quarrelled with Mr. Hamblin, and he spared no pains, till this his opposition house to the large Bowery, was built; and, in the end, succeeded admirably in illustrating the fable of the Frog and the Ox. His inflation was more than he could bear, and he burst. The Chatham, although it has occasionally been redeemed by the engagement of some reputable stars, has never succeeded in winning for itself a very respectable position among the theatres of the city. It has been useful as a kind of sewer for the drainage of other establishments—we do not say that this has been owing to anything over which its managers had much control. The situation of the house is bad; and we doubt if any entertainments, however refined, or well put upon the stage, would succeed in drawing a very desirable class of audience there. Mose, and such kind of characters, find a congenial home at the Chatham, and the ranting, raving, maniac tragedian is in his element. That highly respectable people are often drawn there, we do not for a moment question; but that their spirit at all affects the atmosphere of the place we cannot admit. Mr. Purdy, the present proprietor, has done more, perhaps, to give tone to the establishment than any other man who has undertaken its control, and we wish him every success in his efforts. There must be some such place for a certain class of people to effe-

vesce in their excitements of pleasure, and it is truly desirable that this place, whatever its name and situation, should be under good control. The Chatham, in the hands of Mr. Purdy, will, we doubt not, be kept in proper subjection. Mr. Thorne once managed this theatre, and, we believe, successfully. After him, came poor Duverna, whose melancholy death, caused by his falling from the second tier private box upon the stage, will be remembered. But, the Chatham has had so many managers, that it would be tedious to give them all a passing notice, and unnecessary to our purpose. Mr. Kirby, now dead, was for a long time, the bright, peculiar star of the Chatham; the pit-boys used to swear by him; and we doubt if the elder Kean himself had appeared before them, if he would have stood any sort of chance for popular favor beside Kirby, who wrapped the American flag round him, and died like a gentleman. During Flynn's management, we were, in a friendly way, connected with the editorial department of the Sunday Morning News, with Jenks Smith, the originator and proprietor. One evening, Smith proposed that we should go the rounds of the theatres and see what was going on at each, in order to give them a passing notice in the next Sunday's issue. The Chatham happened to be first in our way. We called, and were very politely received by Mr. Flynn. We intended to stay but a short time, and stood in the lobby, listening to some Munchausen anecdotes Flynn was manufacturing, out of whole cloth, as he went on. In the course of conversation, Mr. Smith casually mentioned that we were going up to the Bowery theatre. "Indeed," said Flynn, "going up to thee my friend Hamblin, that's justt the thing—Mr. Smith, will you do me the favor to carry a note up to my friend Tom? I promised to

dine with him to-day, and I could not get there, and I wish to send an apology. I would not wound his feelings for the world."

"Certainly, my dear fellow," said Smith, "I will take it up, with much pleasure."

"Thank you," said Flynn; and away he went into the office to write a note. He was engaged but a few minutes, when he came out with the it. He had a look about him that betokened mischief; and a sly wink which we saw him give to a person near him, convinced me he was for playing one of his practical jokes upon myself and friend Smith.

We left Flynn, promising faithfully to deliver the missive.

When we got outside, we begged of Mr. Smith not to deliver the note, stating, as our reason, that Mr. Flynn and Mr. Hamblin were at swords' points, in dead opposition, and it was not very likely, under the circumstances, he would have been invited to sit at Mr. Hamblin's table. This struck Smith, who had forgotten altogether about the feud between the parties. We resolved, however, to go to the Bowery theatre, as though we suspected nothing, and then return to the Chatham. We did so. On our return we were received with open arms by Mr. Flynn, he presumed we had delivered his missive, and so saved us the necessity of prevaricating about the matter. "Well," said he, "what did my friend Hamblin say?"

"Nothing," replied Smith.

"Well, that's all right—I'm very much obliged to—eh, eh, eh—thith ith a good joke."

"What's a good joke?" said Smith.

"Oh! nothing, nothing; but come, let us go into the office and have something." We went in, and in a few

minutes some oysters were obtained from the refectory, near ; and Flynn, with uncommon liberality, tapped a couple of bottles of champagne, of which we partook with a purer relish, for we had our joke, and it was evident Flynn was enjoying the one he thought he had played upon us. We got through our oysters and wine, making a glorious supper, and were upon the point of departing, when Mr. Smith coolly pulled out the note with which he had been entrusted, and handed it to Mr. Flynn, with a regret that he had not had a fair opportunity of delivering it to Mr. Hamblin, and a polite request, that when Mr. Flynn intended another practical joke, he would find some more promising subject. Poor Flynn was taken all aback for a few minutes, but quickly recovering his wonted good humor, he laughed at the turn we had given to the affair, and invited us to partake of another bottle. This we declined, and took our leave.

Mr. Mitchell, during the recess of his own theatre, one night went to the Chatham, with some friends, and occupied one of the private boxes. He tried as much as possible to conceal himself from the audience, behind the curtains of the box ; but not so effectually, but some of his old Olympic boys got a sight. The news was soon spread through the theatre that the renowned and popular Crummles was in the house. Three cheers were instantly proposed, and heartily given for Crummles. Mr. Mitchell, of course, could not do otherwise than acknowledge the compliment, which he did by bowing to the audience from his box. This done, the pit was satisfied, and all was quiet. The silence seemed the more profound, from the extraordinary noise made by the cheering, just over. At this moment, when all was still, a little snub-nosed, ragged urchin, jumped upon his seat in the pit, and, with a peculiar leer up at

Mitchell's box, and, with a nasal twang of the most positive character, cried out at the top of his voice, "I say, Crummles, when are you going to open—come now." The effect of this was not only to convulse Mr. Mitchell, but the whole audience. The effect was irresistibly comic. Of the kind of audiences which made up the motley assemblage which often fills the pit of the Chatham theatre, may be imagined from the following incident. A gentleman was one evening passing the American Museum, when he was addressed by a little boy, in tones of pitiable distress, to give him something, for his father was dead, and his mother was lying sick, and they had nothing to eat in the house. The little fellow was perfect in the part of the "Young Scamp," and so melted the heart of the unsophisticated gentleman, that he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a quarter, which he gave to the suffering youth, and went on his way, lighter in heart and pocket for his benevolence. He had not proceeded many steps, when he was surprised to hear the little hypocrite, say to a companion who was waiting the result of the other's appeal, "Come, Jim, by —, here's for the Chatham, come along." This incident has made that unsophisticated gentleman wary, how, where, and to whom he distributed his charities. Mr. Chanfrau's name was used as manager of the Chatham, and under his rule the place was rechristened, and called the National, under which name it rejoices at the present moment. Mr. Chanfrau drew an immense deal of money to the Chatham; for, after his engagement with Mr. Mitchell, at the Olympic, which, by-the-by, terminated with the run of a "Glance at New York," at the latter place, adopted the Mosey drama as his main prop and pillar; and pieces, in which Mose travelled from New York to California, and

from California to China, had the entire possession of the stage for a long time, much to the advantage of the treasury ; and to the delight of immense crowds who flocked to witness the doings of this red-shirted hero.

THE MUSEUM.

THIS establishment, at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, enjoys a wide-spread fame, not so much from the curiosities which are collected within its walls, as from the character which its proprietor, Mr. Barnum, has acquired of being one of the greatest humbuggers of the age. It is related of a gentleman, evidently from the country, that he went to the ticket office, and bought a ticket of admission to the wonders within. He inquired at the office if Mr. Barnum was in the building, upon which a gentleman approached him, and said, "I am Mr. Barnum."

"Are you Mr. Barnum?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name; I am the man."

"Well, sir, there's your ticket back again; I don't mind the quarter; I only wanted to see you, and I am satisfied." With that he went down stairs, never once attempting to enter the Museum.

Barnum himself is one of the curiosities, and we scarcely know which people would go farther to see,—Barnum, the sea serpent, or a real mermaid. The known manufacturer of the two latter may be supposed to be more curious than his creations. When Mr. Barnum first took the Museum he was not overloaded with this world's riches, but he was a shrewd, speculating genius, ever on the look-out for the ways and means of making money. The first and most extraordinary imposition (and he must excuse us for calling things by the right name) was his conversion of an old negro woman, Joyce Heth, into a centenarian, and the nurse of the immortal Washington. There was a boldness

in associating the name of that God-like man with a palpable imposition, like that of Joyce Heth, that speaks volumes of the man's daring and audacity; and displays the reckless character of the man. In order to make Joyce Heth up to the pretensions, it became necessary to manufacture certificates, and to make them in such a manner that the most curious could not detect the deception. This was done, and done so well, that much as we may deprecate the act, the cleverness of the thing stamps it with such an air of genius, that we feel almost inclined to pardon the trick. For a long time this old negress was exhibited round the country, and she drew crowds of people, anxious to see one, who, in years gone by, had enjoyed the distinguished honor of cradling in her arms the infant father of his country. Not the least clever thing about this extraordinary imposture was the admirable manner in which the old woman had been exhorted to perform her part of the task. She told her anecdotes of little Georgey's infantile tricks with such an air of truth, and with all the pride such a person would naturally feel at having been the nurse of the nation's god, that doubt of the honesty of the whole thing scarcely ever entered the head of one of the many visitors who went to see her. But death came at last, and took one of the firm of Barnum & Co., and the whole secret was revealed. She proved to be a woman of about sixty years of age, but one so formed, that she bore marks of a hundred years, when she had not, by half a score, reached the time allotted to man. Mr. Barnum, it is said, cleared about fifty thousand dollars by the exhibition of Joyce Heth. It is reported, with how much truth we know not, that Mr. Barnum was at some distance from Joyce Heth when she died, and that he was very angry with those in whose care she was left for letting her die at all.

"How could I help it," innocently enough said the man.

"Help it!" exclaimed Barnum, easily enough: "You could not, it is true, help that one dying, but was there no other Joyce Heth to be found in the United States to have supplied her place. Nonsense; I would not have let her die these twelve months upon any account."

Barnum was now under the necessity of creating another excitement. No man knows better than he does, for a man in his position, the necessity of keeping his name up before the public; if it be dropped for a few weeks, it takes a great deal to arouse the public attention again, and oftentimes it is impossible to get up another sensation. Like Poor Pillicoddy, the public needs something to rouse and be continually rousing it. Barnum in the interregnum between his great strokes of policy, kept up excitement with smaller things, such as Feegee mermaids, alligators, boa constrictors, &c. After Joyce Heth, the greatest wonder was General Thomas Thumb. Great oaks from little acorns grow, and from this diminutive specimen of humanity, Barnum made a gigantic fortune. Tom Thumb was not an imposition; he is a curious and remarkable little person, and would have been a wonder without the addition of a Museum age, which made him out fourteen years, when seven only had passed over his head. Barnum need not have resorted to any showman's tricks with regard to the General. He was exhibited throughout this country with eminent success, and was really worth seeing, not only for the remarkable minuteness and perfection of his physical composition, but for the precocity and brightness of his mental attributes. It ought to be mentioned that the father of Tom Thumb had been exhibiting his child about with little or no success, when Mr. Barnum took hold of it. It

must not be supposed that even to humbug, and do it successfully, no genius or talent is required ; on the contrary, much of both is necessary. A thousand men might have taken hold of Tom Thumb and failed, but Barnum is a consummate manager in all such things, and with his reputation, could now make a handsome living out of the exhibition of a wooden horse, for he would be sure to prove to the satisfaction of the million, that it was the identical wooden horse which was used at the Siege of Troy. The public is lazy and will not take the trouble to seek after the curious ; it must be brought right under its nose, and then, too, must be presented in a comely and graceful shape. One man, satisfied that Tom Thumb was really a curiosity, and well worth seeing, would have been content with telling the public where he could be seen ; while Mr. Barnum, with more tact, would not only tell the public where he could be seen, but would wheedle them into coming to see him whether they would or no. When Mr. Barnum took Tom Thumb to London, he made several unsuccessful attempts to get up an excitement about the General, until failing in the ordinary method, he took a splendid house in the West End of London, invited a large party of editors, gourmands, and great men to dinner, to give a private rehearsal of Tom Thumb's performances. The dinner was well attended, and the General attracted a great deal of attention from the guests. Barnum expressed an anxious desire that the General should be presented to the Queen, through the kind interference of one of the party at the dinner ; this was accomplished, and Tom Thumb soon enjoyed the distinguished honor of kissing the royal lips of Queen Victoria. This at once opened the way to popular favor in England, and all the noble ladies of the land were anxious to follow

the example of their illustrious Queen. Tom became the wonder of the time, and his little cheeks were beslimed with the moist expression of old dowagers' delight, and pressed by the oval lips of many of Albion's fairest daughters. Presents came rolling in from all quarters. Crowds upon crowds rushed to the rooms in which he was exhibited, and every attention bestowed upon him. He next visited France, and was received at Court there with even more enthusiasm than he had been in England. We believe he visited the Royal families of almost every Court in Europe, receiving from them the most marked regard. Small men are so common at Courts, that it is somewhat singular he should have been considered a wonder at all in consequence of his littleness.

Mr. Barnum and Thumb at length returned to the United States, loaded with wealth, Mr. B., as he well deserved, having taken the lion's share. The General remained under Mr. Barnum's direction for some time after his return, but we believe now is under his father's management, if this arrangement is not another phase of Mr. B.'s peculiar management. We have got into the habit, in spite of ourselves, of never placing implicit confidence in what may appear upon the face of this gentleman's arrangements; for we remember how severely the American Museum bills used to burlesque what was done at Peale's Museum, and how severely Barnum was accustomed to speak of the opposition shop, when all the time he was the sole proprietor of both establishments. We should doubt if the wax figures he exhibits were not real men and women—because he advertises them wax—if they were not so unalterably unlike anything human. We never had the smallest confidence in Santa Anna's wooden leg; and always thought it was about the

lamest affair he ever undertook to palm off upon the public. His fat boys, we thought, reached the climax of everything that was disgusting in the way of human monstrosities ; but he has lately added a spotted negro, whom it is said, in the bills of the day, has discovered a weed by which he can in process of time change his skin from tawny-hue to lilly-white. These spotted negroes are common in the South ; and white spots are attributable either to absorption of or original deficiency of the middle skin or rete mucosum. In the very centre of Africa, where a white man has scarcely ever left his foot-print upon the soil, white negroes, or Albinoes, are met with. There are cases where the rete mucosum is entirely absent all over the body ; and as the hair and the eye are colored by a similar pigment in Albinoes, the hair is always white and the iris of the eye of a bright red. It is said that the ignorance of the audience is the actor's salvation. The ignorance of the public, who rush to see the spotted nigger, is the reason why he has not had his head broken for his impudent assumption. The music in Scudder's Balcony is one of the richest treats imaginable. Barnum's outside orchestra is very attractive ; for in the afternoons and evenings crowds of people will collect near St. Paul's Church, opposite the Museum, and sit there by the hours, listening to its dulcet strains. Fortunately for the listeners, this gratuitous concert is subdned and mellowed down to a tolerably bearable degree by the noise of omnibusses and carts ; were it not for these blessed conveniences it would not be safe to pass the museum whilst they were playing. The following hit we extract from a paper published some time ago in New York :

“ Having lately seen in a critical notice that Hertz playing in the musical utterance of drawing-room elegance,

we have been at the pains to translate the utterance of these wild instruments that chastise the year of night with their unsophisticated utterance, in the front of Barnum's Museum.

FIRST INSTRUMENT.

" Rang a tang a tang a ree,
Here's a pretty sight to see,
When in such horrid (tang rang) weather
We must bellow altogether;
This dreadful nightly hydropathy
Makes me feel most (tang rang) wrathful.

SECOND INSTRUMENT.

" Too, too, a roo, lal, loo, lool,
Yonder stands a (rooral) fool,
Gaping (too, rool) near a lamp-post,
Like (a tootle) foggy damp ghost;
Oh! isn't he a (tooral) muff,
To stop and hear such (tootle) stuff.

THIRD INSTRUMENT.

" Boo, boo, boo, boo, hoo,
I'm (boo-hoo'd) if this will do;
I'm drenched through my (boo, boo) clothes,
And yonder from St. Paul's (boo) nose,
A stream of (boo, boo) water flows,
As pouring forth his (boo, boo) woes."

FOURTH INSTRUMENT.

" Bum, a bum, hum, bum, bum,
I'm a (bummed) unhappy drum,
Why the (bum, bum) don't they come
And see the active shakers, (bum.)
I say, (bum, bum,) don't you think
That it's (bum, bum) time to drink."

But let us leave the Museum to the care of Mr. Greenwood, whilst we take a trip to Connecticut and make a passing call on Mr. Barnum at Iranistan, his country seat. This magnificent place is built in the eastern style—we don't mean the down-eastern style, but the oriental. Mr. Barnum has spared no expense in making this place to suit his taste. It is one of those queer, large, dazzling, splendid, mean, conveniently-inconvenient, incongruous piles that will not admit of description—you fancy you can trace in its composite construction a little of Joyce Keth, a sprinkling of Tom Thumb, a large clot of the two fat boys, the tail of the anaconda, a dash of the spotted nigger, and a monstrous slice of the two last giants. Large prints of this fanciful mansion have been sown broadcast through the land; and we think—nay, we are almost sure—we have seen one in the American Museum. We may be mistaken; for it is rather unlike Mr. Barnum to make so much public display of a private affair. Perhaps Mr. Greenwood placed it there.

During the past year a very large addition has been made to the Museum, and instead of the old cramped up lecture-room, a really beautiful theatre, (Mr. Barnum will excuse us for again calling things by their right names,) has been erected. A very good company, under the managerial direction of Mr. W. C. Clarke, is engaged; among which, besides Mr. Clarke, we may mention Miss Chapman and Mr. Hadaway. We wish all success to Mr. Barnum and his company of actors, although we do most heartily despise the kind of trickery Mr. Barnum has, we think, unnecessarily stooped to with the public, in relation to his establishment. Is there anything which belongs to the drama, of which Mr. Barnum, who has passed his whole

life in the exhibition of shows, ought to feel ashamed? He unblushingly exhibits the skeleton of a whale manufactured in wood, to order, and yet feels no blush mantle his cheek in disavowing the ownership of a stage for the acting of plays. If the stage be distasteful, in his judgment, to the habits and morals of the audiences who visit his establishment, why not eschew them altogether, not wheedle the public into his trap, and thus oblige them to patch up their damaged consciences with the paltry excuse that it was the museum and not the play they went to see. The miserable trick is adopted of calling each play and farce represented, a moral affair, as though every well written piece did not teach a moral lesson. Hogarth's gin-palace, albeit there is not a character in it but of the vilest of the vile, teaches a moral lesson—not a theatre in New York, not excepting the Chatham, which does not teach as pure morality as the Museum; nay, we think purer, because their lessons are untainted with the sin of hypocrisy. We don't object that Mr. Barnum should be a temperate man, and belong to as many temperance societies as he pleases; but we do object that he should be continually thrusting this solitary virtue of sobriety under our noses, and insist upon us, who never were intoxicated, submitting to the same bondage of security as himself, who either has drank injuriously or has a confounded awkward tendency to do so now. Theatres and museums were never intended to be schools of ethics. It is a mistaken notion of the purposes of the stage. The stage, to be respected, must be careful not to offend good manners or violate the moral principles which govern every well regulated community; but they have no more to do with the promulgation of ethical doctrines than they have with the teaching of astronomy. A theatre is simply a place

of intellectual amusement. The stage professes to hold the mirror up to nature, "to show the very age and body of the times, its form and pressure." To show, in a speaking picture, upon the stage, an epitome of life. The morality of a play is to be inferred by the spectators, not intruded upon their attention by the author. Playwrights sometimes step aside from truth to encourage virtue; for they generally make virtue triumphant, when, in real life, misfortune is its only reward, in nine cases out of ten.

But, with regard to Mr. Barnum. He has a perfect right to manage his business in his own way; but, when he pretends, as the proprietor of a public place of amusement, to possess more morality than his brethren, and claims an extra patronage on the score of morality, we violate no law of courtesy or propriety, in stepping aside to examine his pretensions.

We come now to a portion of Mr. Barnum's career, in which he deserves the unmixed gratitude of his fellow-citizens. In a spirit of enterprise, that few men possess, backed by an abundance of means quite as rare, he was enabled to effect an engagement with that angel of a woman, Jenny Lind. In the incipient management even of this distinguished woman, Barnum however displayed a little of the showman. The preparations he made for her landing—the arch of flowers, and the carpeted deck, were all mistakes. It suited not the occasion, the purpose, or the genius of his countrymen. Such marks of adulation have hitherto been the base tribute paid by slaves to sovereigns. The uncultivated, much less uncarpeted soil of America, bears the imprint of no less a foot than that of George Washington. These mistakes were soon made palpable to Mr. Barnum; and his recent management—notwithstanding the fuss of the

opening scenes—has been admirable in every respect. He has conducted the affairs of this lady with as much respect and dignity as any man breathing could have done. Indeed, we doubt if the man lives who could have done it better, or so well.

We never had so much admiration of Mr. Barnum's managerial skill as we have had since the master-stroke of policy he displayed on the evening of Miss Lind's first concert at Castle Garden. It had been arranged with Miss Lind in Europe that she should sing for certain charitable institutions in New York, viz., The Fireman's Fund—The Musical and Dramatic Fund Societies, &c. It of course at once occurred to Mr. Barnum, when he saw to what a fury of excitement the people were worked up, in regard to the Lind concerts, that it would be some thousands out of his pocket if she was compelled to devote a concert to each or any of the above-named charities. Without probably stating to Jenny Lind the motives, he suggested the division of her share of the first concert, she having previously intimated her intention of giving the whole away in the manner he afterwards announced. She cared nothing for the details, so long as her bounty was distributed where it would be useful and acceptable. Mr. Barnum, after the first concert, therefore, announced to the various charities of New York, and all in it, we believe, were comprehended, who would be honored with a donation from the pure, the good, the charitable Jenny. By this management, Mr. Barnum contrived to secure a great deal of eclat for Miss Lind, and to shut the mouths of the directors of every one of the charitable institutions of this city from asking any farther aid. Thus, by one bold push, he got rid of a consideration which would no doubt have embarrassed him very much.

Mr. Barnum is no idler, even though he is now so wealthy. It is almost enough labor for one man to attend to the business connected with Miss Lind's engagement. But in addition to this, although he has an efficient and active aid in Mr. Greenwood, the manager, he has the interest of the American Museum in New York to care for, and another large establishment of the same kind in Philadelphia. All this is not enough for his active brain and advertising propensities. He delivers lectures on temperance here and there ; and having very lately left off smoking, has commenced a crusade against the use of tobacco. This will end in smoke. Lecturing on temperance is not a bad speculation for Mr. Barnum, even in a business point of view ; for while the great moral drama of "The Drunkard" has maintained possession of the Museum stage for the past five months, and bids fair to possess it for five months longer, Mr. Barnum can say at the end of each temperance lecture, "Walk up and see the show."

EUTERPEAN THEATRE.

AFTER the burning of the National Theatre, and the opening of the Olympic, we omitted to mention the fact that Mr. Mitchell was for a short time manager of the Franklin Theatre in Chatham Square; and that he also played an engagement of two weeks at the Apollo Rooms, which had been converted into a theatre, and called the Euterpean Theatre. The manager's name was Jackson. The treasurer was a man named Draper, well known in New York as a reporter, and a very dirty, slovenly one at that. The business done at the Euterpean was very shy, and the prospect of any of the company—among whom, by-the-by, was Blakely, an old Park actor, as well as a National—was very doubtful. There was some cash in the treasury, and Mitchell and Blakely thought that so much of it as would cover their own respective salaries would feel as well in their own pockets as in the strong box of the treasurer, and they determined to have it, if it could be obtained by fair means. They knew well that the manager was trying to raise money to carry on the theatre, but with no very bright prospect of success. Draper, the treasurer, believed that both Mitchell and Blakely had saved money at the National. The two dropped into conversation with Mr. Draper, and in a swaggering kind of way asked him how much money he thought would be wanted to carry out the operations. A certain sum was named.

“Well,” said Blakely, “I don’t see any difficulty, Mitchell, in raising that amount—do you?”

"Why, no," replied Mitchell; "unless the matter has got blown round how matters stand. In that case, there might be some difficulty. It would be a good plan, Draper, for you to pay some few of the salaries, and let those who are paid go round and speak of it a little."

"So it would," said Draper, innocently falling into the trap. "Suppose I pay you two; you feel more interested than anybody else, and then you can speak of it?"

"Oh, we will be sure to mention it," said Blakely.

"Certainly," said Mitchell, "by all means; I'll mention it wherever I go that we have got our salaries," and so the two departed.

We believe these were the last salaries paid at the Euterpean Theatre, which closed the night of the day on which this occurred, never to open again.

THE GREEN-ROOM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the name given to this retiring room of the theatre, there is less of verdancy about it than most other places with which we are acquainted. The green-room is nothing more than a sort of drawing-room, to which the performers retire when not engaged upon the stage, or busy in their respective dressing-rooms. It is generally a tolerably sized, well carpeted room, with sofas or lounges round, and a large mirror well lighted for the actors to see if their dresses are rightly arranged, &c. Those, and there are many, who suppose that the green-room is a place of rollicking fun, and unseemly freedom, would be very much surprised to find, as in every well-regulated theatre is the case, that it is a place where courtesy prevails, and every person is on his best breeding. It in no way differs from the drawing-room of private life, save in the variety of costumes worn by the characters who figure in it. If we have ever seen anything opposed to the character we here give the green-room, it has only been in those where strangers have had the entrée ; but where the performers themselves, or those intimately interested in the theatre in some other shape, have had the green-room to themselves, all has gone delightfully and courteously on. A stranger to such scenes would feel highly amused by passing an evening among the actors in the green-room. If the play is an old English comedy, he is surrounded by characters dressed in costumes

of times a hundred years or more gone by, and he will feel with his attire of the present school of fashion, as though he was a century or more ahead of his time. He is liable to be caught, as we have been many times, flying across the room, to answer a lady who was looking him directly in the face, when he would awkwardly discover that the lady was going through a private rehearsal of her part before she went on with the next scene. We recollect very well our first visit behind the scenes of the Park. We went to see a lady; but from two or three people we met from the outward passage to the green-room, we could get no satisfactory answer as to where the lady was, much less as to where we could speak to her. We stood awkwardly enough near the green-room, a little curious in watching the performers as they went in and out; but more anxious still to find the object of our search. Presently out came a very fine gentleman, whom we took for a duke, at least. As he came near to where we stood, he said, "Your lady wants you in the anteroom."

"I'm very much obliged," said I, "but where is the anteroom, and which is the way to it?"

He rather unmannerly, I thought, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which was by no means checked when he saw the expression of deep anger which marked our face. As soon as he could, he explained to us that he was only repeating a line in his part. We enjoyed the fun then just as much as he did, and to repay us for the passing mortification we had endured, undertook to find the person we wished to see, and succeeded. The transitions from an assumed character to self, are sometimes as startling and ludicrous in the effects, as they are sudden. It is usually but a step from the stage to the green-room. Stand at the

side-scenes and listen to the provincial tone, and see the provincial manner of Mr. Burton, for instance, in *Farmer Ashfield*, in *Speed the Plough*, follow him instantly when he comes off into the green-room, and you will probably hear this same common, uneducated *Farmer Ashfield*, sustaining a sound and logical argument on some learned topic, exhibit lore and deep research ;—the milk-and-water dandy upon the stage the straightforward, honest, manly gentleman in the green-room ;—a shrewish old lady a mighty soft spoken and amiable one ; and the white-headed octogenarian as gay a youth as you would wish to meet with on a summer's day. The rests from business, on ordinary occasions, are generally made interesting with lively conversation, sparkling wit, or telling anecdotes. But, oh ! what a change comes over the spirit of the green-room on the first night of a new and heavy piece. A stranger would think, if he should pop in on such an occasion, that he had got among the most sulky, ill-tempered people in the world. None of them will speak to you, or if they do, they are as short as pie-crust. They walk up and down, restless and anxious, their mouths continually moving as though in the act of speaking ; but not a sound escapes. The scene-shifter seems also affected with the sulks ; the property-man looks as if he had swallowed his own thunder ; and the prompter looks as if the cares of two or three worlds rested upon his shoulders. Keep out of the way, that's all you have to do, until the new play is over ; wait then a few minutes till they have breathed a little, and the manager has had his blow at what little things might have gone wrong—then with us march into the green-room again. It is altogether a different place. A fresh, gay spirit seems to reign, and all is life and cheerfulness. One gentleman, after being told

he went through his part very well, modestly confesses to having been a little shaky, and all the ladies declare they were awfully nervous ; but thank heaven it's all over, and hasten away to change for the farce.

PITS.

IN the more fashionable theatres in the city, the good old pits appear under another name, and are called parquettes. In this article we have nothing to do with such innovations. We mean to speak of pits. The pits of the different theatres in New York, each had a character of its own. The old Park pit, like the pits of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, in London, was the favorite resort of the critic, and to all those venerable playgoers, to whom a good play, well acted, was the very acme of earthly delight. We recollect one white-headed octogenarian who used to occupy a seat in the Park pit at least four nights in the week, and his delight seemed to be as fresh and pungent as that of any of the young men by whom he was surrounded. Once in a great while, we should occasionally see a woman or two in the pit. Much as we have been accustomed to see ladies occupying a seat in the pit of an English theatre, a strange sort of feeling came over us when we saw one in the Park pit. We always felt, of course, that such as did occasionally come there were English, and we felt for them at being placed in a situation for remark; though we never feared in that assemblage they would ever experience any thing like rudeness. We think it is a great pity that ladies are excluded from the pits of our theatres, for whilst it is denying them the best seats in the house, it leaves the pit without the softening and refining influence of woman's presence. There would seldom, if ever, be any disturbance in the pit of a theatre if ladies

were present. But however, it is not the custom or fashion, and even it requires some little persuasion to induce ladies to occupy seats in the parquette. The Olympic pit was *sui generis*. We never saw one like it, and never expect to again. We have before referred to Mr. Mitchell's peculiar way of controlling the unruly spirits which sometimes collected there. But occasionally, they would do things beyond his power to control. Some of the constant frequenters of that pit, and whom we have before stated, occupied the front seats, obtained such an ascendancy in the house, and had such an influence behind the curtain, that the performers were actually more afraid of these self-elected judges and critics than they were of all who occupied the house beside. Cunningham, a clever actor in his way, undertook to frown indignantly upon the two rows of Olympic gods, for some remark one of their number had made. This was noted, and the next day Mr. Cunningham received a letter from the junto, informing him that he must not attempt to frown them down—they were not to be treated in that way—and that in future he must behave more respectfully. Mr. C. felt disposed to treat this matter rather cavalierly, until he was persuaded by those who had some experience of this power before the curtain, that he had better not be rash, but in an amiable mood explain away his frown if he could. He adopted this plan; wrote a letter to the offended parties, which proved satisfactory, and ensured him a forgivingly warm reception.

The pit boys of the Olympic took great pride in their theatre, as also did those of the Chatham; and neither party would be seen in the adverse theatres, unless under very extraordinary circumstances. If an Olympic boy could induce a Chatham boy to come there, and draw from him

any evidence of delight, this was considered no small triumph, and *vice versâ*.

We recollect on one occasion, one of the front seat boys had persuaded a Chatham boy to visit the Olympic, and in order that the heathen should have every chance for conversion, he was honored with a seat beside his friend in the front row. The Chatham boy did not look round, and put on a sort of dogged, determined, not-to-be-amused air, that was very comical. His friend turned round to look at him every moment, during the performance of the first piece, but not a smile lighted up his face, not an observation escaped his lips. He cracked his pea-nuts and chewed ✓ his apple with Indian-like indifference. The second piece was the Wandering Minstrel, in which Mr. Mitchell played his famous character of *Jem Bags*. Mr. Mitchell's entrée on the stage was utterly ineffective to the hardened gentleman in the pit, although the rest of the house were in shouts of laughter, at his outré appearance. At length, Mitchell did something at which the Chatham boy could not refuse to bestow a hearty laugh. He had bottled up his mirth all this while, and the explosion was proportionally terrific. The Olympic gentleman turned to him in an extacy of delight, and said, with the peculiar elegance of diction of that ilk, "There now, didn't I tell you he was a son of a ——." The actions of these youths had been watched from behind the curtain, and by some of us in front, with a great deal of interest; but, when the struggle between the two reached the climax above noted, we all joined, even to Mitchell on the stage, in the triumph achieved by the Olympic gent. It may not be uninteresting to give here a sketch from *Le Siécle* of the Pit of a French theatre, by way of contrast:—"The pit of a thea-

tre is a singular thing ; to those who observe and listen, it yields abundant objects to study. Various indeed are the characters hidden and humbly seated in the crowd. How many people of sense and wit, how many original fools.

But chance, which has stationed you beside some one with whom, in the course of the evening, you have exchanged a few words, will never bring you together again. You will meet no more with that person, with whom you have conversed for hours, and whose remarks and piquant reflections have made you forget the length of the *entre actes*. You will regret not to know that gentleman's name—you would be delighted to meet him again—you hope that chance will again station you by him. But no ; you will go almost every night to the theatre, the gentleman will go as often as you, and yet you will not meet again.

But, on the other hand, you will not enter the pit without some fidgetty, fussy person, whose babbling is unbearable, and whose neighbor you have had the ill luck to be, coming and sitting again by you. Chance will have it so ; and it is not always favorable to one.

You fancy, perhaps, the same motive has brought all the men you see assembled in the pit, and they are come because the bills announced a pleasing evening's entertainment. You are mistaken. How many there are even among those whom the play has really attracted who are there for a very different reason.

There's yonder gentleman you see in the corner had a rendezvous with a friend, to converse about an investment of money. To him it is an important affair ; but his friend has not come to the rendezvous. After waiting long, that gentleman has dined in the neighborhood, because it was too late to go home ; then, finding himself alone, to the

theatre he has entered, without knowing what the play is. But, instead of listening to it, he still thinks of his affairs, and the investment of his money ; and after the play he would probably be at a loss to know what the play has been.

The other man has dined at a *traiteur's* with a friend ; they have both got money, taken a little too much wine, and said, afterwards, " Let us go to the theatre." Whilst the play is proceeding, they laugh, chat, and cough continually, feel too hot, are not a moment without moving, and not in a state to understand the piece, from time to time exclaiming, " Mon dieu ! que c'est mauvais." If you ask them afterwards what they have seen, and what has been played, they will be at as great a loss as the investment gentleman.

Yonder is a young man with his nose turned upwards, looking about the house instead of looking towards the stage ; he is searching for a lady who has given him reason to hope she will meet him at the play ; he looks for her in all directions ; his eyes have explored every box, searched the gallery—but he sees her not, and he is in despair. It is to see the lady he has come to the theatre—what cares he for the play, the author's wit, and actors' talents!—While the play proceeds, he asks himself, " What can have kept the lady away ?" and heavy sighs escape him in the gayest part of the piece.

Further on, that other young man is also in love ; but it is with an actress of the theatre, who plays in the piece, and is just now enseene that inspires his affections. See what fire shines in his eyes, and in what agitation he is ; he looks as if about to rush to the stage—he laughs—speaks alone—and then looks about him as if in quest of faces who

participate in his enthusiasm ; he turns to everybody, and exclaims, " How well that is played. She is enrapturing. She is the best actress in Paris."

But, as he meets with few of his opinion, he strives to concentrate his admiration, and so long as the actress is on the stage, he does not lose sight of her. But the moment she has retired, he addresses his neighbors again ! " Her engagement," says he, " has been renewed for three years ; otherwise Bordeaux would have taken possession of her."

The neighbor shrugs his shoulders, and is content to mutter, " What's that to me ? Bordeaux may take her when it pleases. What's the matter with the youth ?"

But behold that other personage who is making his way into the pit. He is a man of about fifty, who seems older than his age, thanks to a sheepish face, ornamented with two round eyes, which have a most decided expression of stupidity ; and to his frizzled hair, which advances very near to his eyebrows ; add to this a snail-shaped nose, a cravat which seems to strangle him, and a shirt-collar which ascends to the middle of his ears, and you have an idea of the gentleman.

He is now striding from one bench to another, and seems at great pains to find a seat, although there is plenty of room everywhere. At length he is seated ; but there is before him a very big man, who is in his way. He rises again and goes to another place. He then sees that the counter-bass's hand is towards him, and again removes. At length he thinks himself snug. He smiles, takes off his hat, pulls out his pocket-handkerchief, puts on his hat again, blows his nose, takes out his snuff-box, and says, with a timid air, " Do you take snuff ?"—then adds, " Pray, sir, is the piece which is to be played commenced ?"

The youth replies, with a jocosé look, "If it be not played I fancy it is not commenced."

"It is because we have heard it much talked of—my wife and I—and as my wife is a woman of great wit, she cannot bear bad pieces; she, therefore, sends me first to see them, in order that I may form an opinion. She said to me, 'Go and see that piece; you will form an opinion of it, and bring it to me.'"

"What—the piece?"

"No; my opinion. Are you acquainted with it?"

"What—with your opinion?"

"No; with the piece."

The strokes are given—the orchestra plays the overture—and the curtain rises. The piece begins. The gentleman who has a shirt-collar above his ears listens with the utmost attention, rolling his huge eyes as though he were endeavoring to understand what was playing upon the stage.

In the middle of the act he turns and says to a fat gentleman, on his right, "Do you think that good—my wife has sent me here to form an opinion of that piece, and when the actors wear Turkish costumes, I think it is more difficult to understand. What say you?"

After the first act he wants to address the youth on his left hand, but the latter turns his back upon him, and laughs the moment he speaks. He then addresses a little thin and yellow-looking gentleman before him, who wears blue spectacles. He tenders him his snuff-box, and his offer is at the time accepted. The man with the spectacles plunges his fingers in, and stuffs his nose; sneezes, sneezes and coughs, and hums between his teeth something which resembles, "*De tanti palpiti.*" In the mean time our gentleman in quest of an opinion has time enough to put the

question, "Do you like the act just played? I am anxious to form an opinion, because my wife will ask me for one when I get home."

The gentleman with spectacles assumes an air of importance, and replies, "Faith I come very seldom to these theatres; it is a great chance to find me here. Tell me of the Italian Opera—a la bonne heure—for nearly twenty years past I have not missed its performances—that's a theatre—that's music and singing. Have you heard la Pasta?"

"Excuse me, sir, I was asking your opinion of the act just played, in order to give it to my ——"

"Ah! la Pasta—Oh! sir, la Pasta. What a voice—what tones."

"You wont then tell me your opinion of the first act of the piece which——"

"And la Malibran—Oh! Sir, la Malibran—it is in admiring her I've lost my sight. O, casta-diva!"

Our good man looks round him to see if he can find some one to whom he can present a pinch of snuff; but the second act commences; he is quiet again, and listens for a time. At length, after remarking the good-natured face of an old gentleman behind him, turns, and gently says, "Are you pleased? It is because my wife will have me form an opinion of this picce; and when there are Turks on the stage it perplexes me."

The old gentleman smiles, and stammers a reply.

"We m-u-st wai-at for the fol-lol fol-lol fol-lol-low-ing a-a-a-act; just-just wait-wait."

Our poor husband draws a heavy sigh, as he says to himself, "that old gentleman will never have done giving me an opinion. I am unlucky; he is the only one who seems disposed to chat with me."

At length the play ends. Our good man listens attentively, because they all express their opinions aloud.

"It—it—is charming," says the old stammering gentleman.

"'Tis wretched," says the gentleman with spectacles.

"'Tis most clever," exclaims the fat gentleman on the right.

"'Tis stupidity itself," says the youth on the left.

And our poor anxious acquaintance, who has listened to their various opinions, goes home, saying to himself, "What am I to say to my wife when she asks my opinion? Ma foi! she wanted one only, and I shall take her four—she may choose."

GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WE need offer no apology to our readers for introducing the name of this distinguished poet and noble-hearted gentleman in these pages. Besides being a highly successful dramatic author, he has in some way or other been connected with the theatrical affairs of New York for so many years, that we could not justly, if we were disposed, omit to give him honorable mention among the warmest and sincerest friends of the drama and its votaries. General Morris has a heart overflowing with generous feelings; and we do not believe he ever was appealed to on any occasion of a philanthropic character, which did not receive his heart's approval and persevering aid. Among dramatic artists his name is always spoken with cordial admiration; for he is known to possess a congenial taste, and to be ever ready to aid them with his powerful pen and his personal influence. They say a man is no prophet in his own country; but General Morris has the good fortune to be as highly estimated at home as he is abroad. His own countrymen willingly bear testimony to his worth and talents, and award him a prominent niche in the Temple of Fame. In Europe he is no less deservedly esteemed than in America. A writer in *Howitt's* and the *People's Journal*, published in England, furnishes the following sketch of General Morris and his songs, by way of supplying the deficiencies in an article in *Frazer's Magazine*, on the Poets and Poetry of America:

"Before us," says this author, "lies a heap of songs and ballads, the production of the rich fancy and warm heart of

George P. Morris. Not many weeks since, at a public meeting in London, a gentleman claimed to be heard speak, on the ground of his connection with the public press from the time when he was seven years of age. We will not undertake to say that General Morris ran his juvenile fingers over the chords of the lyre at so very early a period; but it is certain he tried his hand at writing for the newspapers when he was yet a mere child. While in his teens, he was a constant contributor to various periodicals. Many of his articles attracted notice. He began to acquire a literary reputation; and, at length, in 1822, being then in his twentieth year, he became editor of the *New York Mirror*. This responsible post he continued to hold until the termination of that paper's existence in 1834.

“Morris accomplished an infinity of good during the twenty years in which he wielded the editorial pen. Perhaps no other man in the United States was so well qualified for the noble task he set himself at the outset of his career as editor. American literature was in its infancy, and subject to all the weaknesses of that period. Morris resolved to do his utmost toward forming a character for it, and looked abroad anxiously for such as could aid him in his efforts. The *Mirror* will ever be fondly remembered by the American literary man; for it has been the cradle of American genius. In it, Willis, Fay, and many others, whose names will not soon be forgotten, first tried their ‘prentice hands.’ In its pages clever artists of every kind were sure of a kind reception. Morris, indeed, appears almost to have been an universal genius. He saw the wants of his country—it had no literature—no drama—no school of painting. Morris vigorously girded up his loins, resolved to do his utmost to remedy all this. None had a sharper eye than he to

discover latent talent, and none were more ready, by sound counsel, and otherwise, to aid its possessor. A writer in *Graham's Magazine* (American) speaks warmly of Morris's perseverance and address in disciplining a corps of youthful writers; of the keen eye which could discern in some nameless manuscripts the promise of future power; of the firm and open temper which his example inspired into the relations of literary men with one another throughout the land; of the inestimable value to America of the singular variety and discursiveness of the intellectual sympathies of General Morris.

"To him this writer attributes the present flourishing condition and bright prospects of transatlantic literature. He evidently possesses a personal knowledge of the renowned literary General, and discourses right eloquently in his praise. Nor do we think that he overrates his merits in the least. From other sources we have ourselves learned much of the genial nature of George P. Morris, and his gigantic labors as a literary pioneer. Considering its juvenility as a nation, republican America, indeed, has been amazingly prolific of good writers. The large share Morris has had in awakening the latent talent of his countrymen, must ever be to him a high source of congratulation. And then, as an original writer, he has won for himself a high place amongst literary Americans; he is, in fact, known throughout the States as the song-writer of America; and we have the authority of Willis for stating, that ninety-nine people out of a hundred—take them as they come in the census—would find more to admire in Morris' songs than in the writings of any other American poet. Willis also tells us, as a proof of the General's popularity with those shrewd dollar-loving men, the publishers, that he can at any time

obtain fifty dollars for a song, unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for one shilling. He is the best known poet of the country by acclamation, not by criticism.

“ Morris seems to have had juster notions of what was required in a song than many who have achieved celebrity as song-writers in this country. The just notion and office of the modern song has been defined to be, the embodiment and expression in beauty of some thought or sentiment, gay, pensive, moral, or sentimental—which is as natural and appropriate in certain circumstances as the odor to the flower. Its graceful purpose is to exhibit an incident in the substance of an emotion, to communicate wisdom in the form of sentiment. A song should be the embodiment of some general feeling, and have reference to some season or occurrence.

“ It is not a very difficult thing to make words rhyme; some of the most unimaginative intellects we ever knew could do so with surprising facility. It is rare to find a sentimental miss or lackadaisical master who cannot accomplish this intellectual feat, with the help of Walker's Rhyming Dictionary. As for love, why, every one writes about it now-a-days. There is such an abhorrence of the simple Saxon—such an outrageous running after outlandish phraseology, that we wonder folks are satisfied with this plain term.

“ We wonder they do not seek for an equivalent in High Dutch or in Low Dutch, in Hungarian or Hindostanee. We wish they would, with all our heart and soul. We have no objection, providing the heart be touched, that the head should produce a little of the stuff called ‘ nonsense verses,’ that this article should be committed to scented note-

paper, and carefully sealed up with skewered hearts of amazing corpulence. God forbid that we should be thought capable of a sneer at real affection—far from it—such ever commands our reverence. But we do not find it in the noisy tribe of goslings green who would fain be thought of the nightingale species. Did the reader ever contemplate a child engaged in the interesting operation of sucking a lollypop—we assure him that that act was dictated by quite as much of true sentiment as puts in action the fingers and wits of the generality of our young amatory poetasters.

“We know of none who have written more charmingly of love than General George P. Morris. Would to Apollo, that our rhymesters would condescend to read carefully his poetical effusions. But they contain no straining after effect—no extravagant metaphors—no drivelling conceits—and so there is little fear of their being taken as models by those gentlemen. Let the reader remark the surpassing excellence of the love songs; their perfect naturalness; the quiet beauty of the similes; the fine blending of graceful thought and tender feeling which characterise them. Morris is, indeed, the poet of home joys. None have described more eloquently the beauty and dignity of true affection—of passion based upon esteem; and his fame is certain to endure while the Anglo-Saxon woman has a hearth-stone over which to repeat her most cherished household words.

“Here is Morris’s ‘Seasons of Love.’ Seldom have the benign effects of the passion been more felicitously painted.

The spring-time of love
Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
And balm in our way;
The sky, earth and ocean

In beauty repose;
And all the bright future
Is *couleur de rose*.

The summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove and valley
Their music impart;
And the pure glow of heaven
Is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow
That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love
Is the season of cheer,
Life's mild Indian summer,
The smile of the year;
Which comes when the golden
Ripe harvest is stored,
And yields its own blessings,
Repose and reward.

The winter of love
Is the beam that we win,
While the storm scowls without,
From the sunshine within;
Love's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for its own.

“What simple tenderness is contained in the ballad of ‘We were boys together.’ Every word in that beautiful melody comes home to the heart of him whose early days have been happy. God help those in whom this poem awakens no fond remembrances—those whose memories it does not get wandering up the stream of life towards its source, beholding at every step the sun smiling more brightly, the hea-

vens assuming a deeper hue, the grass a fresher green, and the flowers a sweeter perfume. How wondrous are not its effects upon ourselves. The wrinkles have disappeared from our brow, and the years from our shoulders, and the marks of the branding-iron of experience from our heart; and again, we are a careless child, gathering primroses and chasing butterflies, and drinking spring-water from out the hollow of our hands. Around us are the hedges 'with golden gorse blossoming, as none bloom now-a-day.' We have heard of death, but we know not what it is; and the word change has no meaning for us; and summer, and winter, and seed-time, and harvest, has each its unutterable joys. Alas! we never can remain long in this happy dream-land. Nevertheless, we have profited greatly by the journey. The violets and cowslips gathered by us in childhood shall be potent in the hour of temptation; and the cap of rushes woven for us by kind hands in days gone by, shall be a surer defence than a helmet of steel, in the hour of battle. No, no; we will never disgrace our antecedents.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

We were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house near the heather,
In childhood where we met;
The humble home to memory dear,
Its sorrows and its joys,
Where woke the transient smile or tear
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air;
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weighed down with care;

To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys,
Foreshadowed in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together !
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone forever more !
How blest to age the impulse given,
The hope time ne'er destroys,
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys.

“ We regret we have not space to enter more largely into the merits of Morris ; but there is one quality in his songs to which we must direct attention—and this is their almost feminine purity. The propensities have had their laureates, and genius, alas ! has often defiled its angel wings by contact with the sensual and the impure ; but Morris has never attempted to robe vice in beauty ; and, as has been well remarked, his lays can bring to the cheek of purity no blush save that of pleasure.”

Such is the true estimate put upon General Morris, as a poet and a man, in England, and the whole universal Yankee nation believe it most profoundly to be a righteous judgment. We have alluded to the General's strong sympathy for art and artists, and his readiness at all times to aid them with his pen, when occasion required—a pen, be it remembered, that has dropped golden letters for their advancement. There have been few benefits within the last twenty years given to artists, poets, or actors, in which he has not taken the leading part ; and upon him the greater share of the labor in getting them up has fallen. We give

below three of the many addresses General Morris has written and presented on benefit occasions—occasions, we may add, memorable in the histrionic annals of the city. Mesdames Sharpe, Chapman, and Hilson, now all dead, did them full justice, and they were received with acclamations by as brilliant and fashionable audiences as ever assembled within the walls of a theatre, which, upon each night, was crowded from floor to ceiling; the pit presenting the appearance of a parterre, being graced with the sparkling eyes and beaming faces of the belles and beauties of the most capricious, busy, and bustling metropolis of America.

ADDRESS,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF WILLIAM DUNLAP.

SPOKEN BY MRS. SHARPE.

WHAT gay assemblage greets my wondering sight!
What scene of splendor, conjured here to-night!
What voices murmur, and what glances gleam!
Sure 'tis some flattering, unsubstantial dream.
The house is crowded—everybody's here;
For beauty famous, or to science dear;
Doctors and lawyers, judges, belles and beaux,
Poets and painters—and heaven only knows
Who else beside: and see gay ladies sit,
Lighting with smiles that fearful place, the pit—
(A fairy change—ah, pray, continue it!)
Grey heads are here, too, listening to my rhymes,
Full of the spirit of departed times;
Grave men and studious, strangers to my sight,
All gather round me on this brilliant night:
And welcome are ye all! Not now ye come
To speak some trembling poet's awful doom,
With frowning eyes a "want of mind" to trace

In some new actor's inexperienced face,
Or e'en us old ones (oh, for shame!) to rate,
"With study, good—in time—but—never great;
Not like yon travelled native, just to say,
"Folks in this country cannot act a play.
They can't, 'pon honor!" How the creature starts!
His wit and whiskers came from foreign parts.
Nay, madame, spare your blushes: you, I mean,
There—close beside him—oh, you're full nineteen;
You need not shake your flowing locks at me;
The man, your sweetheart—then, I'm dumb, you see.
I'll let him off; you'll punish him in time,
Or I've no skill in prophecy or rhyme.
A nobler motive fills your bosoms now,
To wreath the laurel round the silvered brow
Of one who merits it, if any can,
The artist, author, and the honest man.
With equal charms, his pen and pencil drew
Rich scenes, to nature and to virtue true.
Full oft upon these boards hath youth appeared,
And oft your smiles his faltering footsteps cheered;
But not alone on budding genius smile,
Leaving the ripened sheaf unowned the while;
To boyish hope not every bounty give,
And only youth and beauty bid to live.
Will you forget the services long past—
Turn the old war-horse out to die at last,
When, his proud strength and noble fleetness o'er,
His faithful bosom dares the charge no more?
Ah, no! The sun that loves his beams to shed
Round every opening floweret's tender head,
With smiles as kind his genial radiance throws,
To cheer the sadness of the fading rose:
Thus he, whose merit claims this dazzling crowd,
Points to the past, and has his claims allowed,
Looks brightly forth, his faithful journey done,
And rests in triumph, like the setting sun!

ADDRESS,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CHAPMAN.

NAY, Mr. Simpson! 'tis not kind, polite,
To shut me out, sir. I'm in such a fright!
I cannot speak the lines, I'm sure. Oh, fie!
To say I must—but if I must, I'll try.

From him I turn to these more generous souls,
The drama's patrons, and the friends of Knowles.
Why, what a brilliant galaxy is here!
What stars adorn this mimic hemisphere!
Names that shine brightest on our country's page;
The props of science, literature, the stage;
Above, below, around me, woman smiles,
The fairest floweret of these western wilds.
All come to pay the tribute of their praise
To the first dramatist of modern days,
And welcome, to the green home of the free,
With heart and hand, the bard of liberty.

His is a wizard wand. Its potent spell
Broke the deep slumber of the patriot Tell,
And placed him on his native hills again,
The pride and glory of his fellow-men.
The poet speaks; for Rome Virginia bleeds
Bold Caius Gracchus in the forum pleads.
Alfred—the Great, because the good and wise,
Bids prostrate England burst her bonds, and rise;
Sweet Bess, the Beggar's Daughter, beauty's queen,
Walks forth the joy and wonder of the scene.
The Hunchback enters—kindly—fond—severe,
And last, behold the glorious Wife appear!

These are the bright creations of a mind
Glowing with genius chastened and refined.
In all he's written, he this praise his lot,

"Not one word, dying, would he wish to blot."

Upon my life, 'tis no such easy thing
To laud the bard, unless on eagle's wing
My muse would take, and fixing on the sun
Her burning eye, soar as his own has done!

Did you speak, sir? What, madame, did he say?
Wrangling? For shame! before your wedding-day!
Nay, gentle lady, by thine eyes of blue,
And vermeil blushes, I did not mean you!
Bless me, what friends at every glance I see!
Artists and authors, men of high degree:
Grave politicians, who have weighed each chance,
The next election, and the war with France;
Doctors—just come from curing half a score,
And belles—from killing twice as many more;
Judges, Recorders, Aldermen, and Mayors,
Seated, like true republicans, down stairs;
All wear a glow of sunshine in their faces,
Might well become Apollo and the graces—
Except one yonder, with a look infernal,
Like a blurred page of Fanny Kemble's journal.

But to my task. The muse, when I began,
Spoke of the writer—welcome ye the man!
Genius, at best, acts but an humble part,
Unless obedient to an honest heart:
And such a one is his, for whom, to-night,
These walls are crowded with this cheering sight.
Ye love the poet—oft have conred him o'er;
Knew ye the man, ye'd love him ten times more.
Ye critics, spare him from your tongue and quill!
Ye gods applaud him, and ye fops—be still!

ADDRESS,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF HENRY PLACIDE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. HILSON.

THE music's done. Be quiet, Mr. Durie ;
Your bell and whistle put me in a fury.
Don't ring up yet, sir ; I've a word to say
Before the curtain rises for the play.

Your pardon, gentlefolks ; nor think me bold,
Because I thus our worthy prompter scold.
'Twas all feigned anger. This enlightened age
Requires a *ruse* to bring one on the stage.

Well, here I am, quite dazzled with the sight
Presented on this brilliant festal night.
Where'er I turn whole rows of patrons sit—
The house is full—box, gallery and pit.
Who says the New York public are unkind ?
I know them well, and plainly speak my mind.
"It is our right," the ancient poet sung ;
He knew the value of a woman's tongue.
With this I will defend ye, and rehearse
Five glorious *acts* of yours, in modern verse,
Each one concluding with a generous deed
For Dunlap, Cooper, Woodworth, Knowles, Placide.
'Twas nobly done, ye patriots and scholars ;
Besides—they netted twenty thousand dollars !
A good round sum in these degenerate times,
"This bank-note world," so called in Halleck's rhymes,
And proof conclusive you will frankly own,
In liberal actions, New York stands alone.

Though roams he oft 'mong green poetic bowers,
The actor's path is seldom strewn with flowers ;
His is a silent, secret, patient toil ;
While others sleep, he burns the midnight oil,
Pores o'er his books, thence inspiration draws,
And wastes his life to merit your applause.

Oh, ye who come the laggard hours to while,
And with the laugh-provoking muse to smile,
Remember this : the mirth that cheers you so,
Shows but the surface, not the depths below.
Then judge not lightly of the actor's art,
Who smiles to please you with a breaking heart ;
Neglect him not in his hill-climbing course
Nor treat him with less kindness than your horse ;
Up hill indulge him—down the deep descent
Spare—and don't urge him when his strength is spent ;
Impel him briskly o'er the level earth,
But in the stable don't forget his worth .

So with the actor : while you work him hard,
Be mindful of his claims to your regard.

But hold ! methinks some carping cynic here
Will greet my homely image with a sneer.
Well, let us see ! I would the monster view.
Man, with umbrageous whiskers, is it you ?
Ah, no ! I was mistaken ; every brow
Beams with benevolence and kindness now ;
Beauty and fashion all the circles grace,
And scowling Envy here were out of place ;
On every side the wise and good appear ;
The very pillars of the State are here :
There sit the doctors of the legal clan ;
There, all the city rulers to a man ;
Critics, and editors, and learned M.D.'s,
Buzzing and busy like a hive of bees ;
And there, as if to keep us all in order,
Our worthy friends, the Mayor and the Recorder.

Well, peace be with you, friends of native worth !,
Yours is the power to call it into birth ;
Yours is the genial influence, smiles upon
The budding flowerets opening to the sun.
They all around us court your fostering hand ;
Rear them with care, in beauty they'll expand,
With grateful odors well repay your toil,
Equal to those sprung from a foreign soil,

And more Placides bask in your sunshine then,
The first of actors, and the best of men.

Such were some of the offerings made by General Morris from the store of his good feelings and ripe fancy to the benefit of others. But in the way of benefits, and the crowning point of all his exertions, on occasions of this kind, his labors in the cause of the family of the late Edmund Simpson must afford him the most heartfelt pleasure. We witnessed, in part, the General's indefatigable exertions in this cause ; his labor was unceasing ; and the result, which may be seen from the following report, every way gratifying to his feelings. Mr. Simpson had for more than thirty years been manager of the first theatre in the United States, viz., the Park ; and ever maintained a high character, not only as a manager, but as a man of unblemished character ; and when, after such a lengthened period of toil, it was discovered, at his death, that he had left nothing for his family but an untarnished name, the most active means were at once adopted by his personal friends to draw from that public he had so long and so faithfully served, such a return as would comfort and sustain his widow and orphans. General Morris was most active in this matter ; and, backed by the ready acquiescence of all the managers of the New York theatres, he achieved a splendid offering for the widow of his friend. The following is the report of the committee, to whom was confided the duty of carrying into effect the resolutions passed at a meeting of the friends of the late Edmund Simpson, on the 11th of August, 1848 :—

“REPORT.—That upon notice of this appointment, after the usual measures of organization, they took the incipient steps towards effecting a series of benefits at the several

theatres in the city. Upon the first intimation to the various members of the theatrical profession, the latter generally, in a manner manifesting undoubted interest and sincerity, tendered their services; nay, more, in some instances contributed to the subscription—a touching proof of their respect and regard for the memory of Mr. Simpson.

“The first of the benefits was given at the late Park Theatre, on the 7th of December, in the year above-mentioned.

“To add to its effect, the committee and their families elected to occupy the pit, leaving the residue of the house to the public at large. It was a fortunate arrangement, for it secured an excellent audience to all parts of the house.

“The entertainments on that evening will not in a long time be forgotten. It was a brilliant picture on and off the stage. On the one shone forth a galaxy of dramatic talent never exceeded, and in front of it an audience, in number, splendor, and excellence, unsurpassed at any theatrical entertainment.

“The performers, under impulses of the purest benevolence, exerting themselves to their utmost ability, and the audience were delighted at the extraordinary talent, as well as the fine feeling displayed before them. On the boards that evening were Mrs. Hamblin, Mrs. Winstanley, Mrs. Gilbert, and Miss Taylor—Signorina Truffi, Signora Truffi, Benedetti, and Rossi—Monsieur and Madame Monplaisir; also, Messrs. Burton, Blake, Barry, and Richings, (proprietors or conductors of other theatres,) and Messrs. H. Placide, Barret, Wolcot, Dawson, and Povey.

“There were many others, who, in the most generous manner, proffered their aid; but of them the committee could not avail, really and only because they could not as-

sign them such parts as their talents deserved. Among these were Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Abbot, and the late (and we may add now truly lamented) Rose Telbyn. These ladies, one and all, tendered their services in a spirit of benevolence highly to their honor.

“ Mr. Mitchell, the proprietor of the Olympic, who has, throughout the proceedings of the committee, been eminently of service to them, was cast in one of the characters, but was prevented, by indisposition, from appearing.

“ The kindness and distinguished liberality of Mr. and Mrs. Hamblin, and of the whole Park company on that occasion, deserve the warmest acknowledgments. Indeed, the efficient and happy exertions of all who took part in that interesting entertainment, are beyond all praise.

“ The benefit above-mentioned, was followed by others at the National, Olympic, and Chambers-street Theatres, and at the Italian Opera House.

“ At every one of these several benefits, the most generous efforts were made, and benevolent feelings manifested, by every member of the companies of the several theatres; all appeared to be animated of a sincere desire that the representation should be as efficient as possible. The respective conductors of the theatres seemed to adopt the affair as their own, and their example was followed by the performers with devoted fidelity.

“ When the proceedings of the meeting above mentioned, of the friends of Mr. Simpson, was made known to Mr. Muready, who was then in this country, he spontaneously offered the receipts of one evening's readings to the fund; his offer was accepted, and the resulting proceeds, \$300, were received. This act of practical philanthropy, and the manner in which it was done, must command respect and admiration.

“ Among the many donations to the fund; the committee hope they will stand excused for mentioning Mrs. Frances Butler. That lady, in a manner as gratifying as generous, enclosed to the committee \$300, and the delicacy and feeling expressed in her note carrying the sum, proved that the offering was indeed from a warm heart. Acts of such disinterested munificence cannot fail to be held in grateful remembrance.

“ The committee hoped to be excused for mentioning specially the donation of \$366 from Mdlle. Fanny Elssler. This donation was conveyed by her through the hands of Mr. Barry, the late stage manager of the Park Theatre, in the most grateful manner, and proves how well she deserves the popularity she enjoys.

“ To the various conductors and members of the public press especial thanks are due; throughout these proceedings they have displayed a sympathy and liberality, and performed services, which will not be forgotten.

“ The result of the proceeds are set forth in the following amounts, viz. :—

Amount of benefit at the Park Theatre, including a donation from Mr. Placide of \$50, and from Mr. Collins one of \$20,.....		\$4,424 75
Expenses, including \$250 for the use of the house, ...		371 67
		—————\$4,053 08
Avails of the benefit at the Opera House,.....		309 53
do.	at Burton's Theatre, ...	202 51
do.	Olympic do.	151 37
do.	Chatham do.	35 60
Donation from Mr. Macready, ...		800 00
do.	Frances Ann Kemble, ...	300 00
do,	Madlle. Fanny Elssler.....	366 00
Interest received from Trust Company, ...		51 71
		<u>\$5,769 20</u>

Paid for house and lot, Twenty-second Street, \$4,600 00	
For sewer to same,.....	25 00
For disbursements on examining title,.....	22 50
Carpenter's work on same,.....	38 00
E, Simpson, Jr., for alterations to the house,...	81 94
Sundry expenses,.....	32 96
	4,800 40
Cash paid to Mrs. Simpson,.....	968 80
	\$5,769 20

"It was expected, also, that a benefit would be given at the Broadway Theatre, but from causes which could not be controlled, this was omitted.

"In closing this report the committee cannot refrain from expressing their deep sense of the noble beneficence, not only of the theatrical profession, but to the citizens generally, in reference to the objects of their efforts. In accomplishing the intent of the resolutions, and in placing the widow and children of a good and honorable man in a condition of comfort, a just and deserved tribute of respect is paid to his memory.

"To his widow and children it is a consolation invaluable, an inheritance superior to riches. It is honorable to the bestowers and recipients of the benefit. It is honorable to the community, that a man who has passed life without a reproach is thus appreciated.

"To the members of the dramatic profession especially, the occasion is one of high honor. They have in this instance, by their devotion and efforts to aid an unfortunate family of one of their profession, demonstrated that lofty philanthropy, governed by just principles, is eminently possessed by those who have contributed their aid most efficiently.

"It is with extreme pain that the undersigned have to mention that, by reason of the unexpected demise of our late excellent Chairman, David C. Colden, Esq., his name cannot be affixed to this report. To him, in a material degree, is due much of the success of this undertaking; the charitable and pure spirit which actuated him in his useful and energetic exertions, cannot be too highly valued. His benevolent services in these proceedings are but a small portion of the multitude of good deeds for which his memory must ever be respected. All which is respectfully submitted. In behalf of the Committee.

F. R. TILLOU.

EDWARD S. GOULD.

JAMES FOSTER, JR.

GEORGE P. MORRIS."

The house and lot in Twenty-Secondnd street, (now valued at \$7000,) was vested by the committee in Mrs. Simpson, her children, and Miss Maria Hilson, (the only living child of Mr. and Mrs. Hilson,) whom Mr. and Mrs. Simpson adopted as their own after the death of her esteemed and much-lamented parents. The property is always kept insured, and cannot be disposed of until the youngest child, (now, we believe, about eight years old,) becomes of age, at which time, no doubt, it will be of great value.

The committee consisted of a large number of our most prominent and public-spirited men. Gen. Morris has often spoken in warm terms of their aid, and has, on all occasions, especially awarded to Francis R. Tillou, Esq., (one of our most estimable and benevolent citizens,) the utmost credit for his zeal and unremitting services in this noble charity.

THE POOR BALLET GIRL.

THE most sacred institutions, as well as the most profane, are liable to abuse. The temptations to vice in a well-regulated theatre do not bear a pre-eminence over those met in establishments of more reputed morality. There are a class of places of amusement which usurp the name of theatre; the only real objects of which are to pander to the lowest and most grovelling tastes. It was in an establishment of this kind that, by a series of events it is not necessary here to relate, we were thrown in contact with Maria —, who was there engaged in the ballet, and sometimes entrusted with small parts in farces, &c. She was exceedingly beautiful, and, with a proper opportunity, would have made a figure upon the stage; for she had every requisite. Her voice was very sweet, both in song and dialogue; and her face one of the most expressive we ever saw. Such a girl, we need scarcely say, was a source of great attraction to that class of sensual loungers of a theatre, whose only motive for ever going there, is to gratify a sensual taste. At the period our sketch commences, she had baffled the plans laid for her destruction, and proudly trod, amidst the profligacy and corruption which surrounded her, as pure and undefiled as she was when she first entered upon her dangerous career.

Not only behind the scenes was she assailed; but from the crowds of young men drawn to the boxes by the force of her attractions, was nightly insulted by attentions of the grossest character. Gladly would she have fled from scenes

so revolting to her nature ; but stern necessity obliged her to linger upon the threshold of destruction ; for she had a widowed mother, and a young brother and sister, who had none to look to but her for support. How frequently we see the heroic deeds of the battle-field paraded for public admiration—how frequently is the successful soldier crowned with a chaplet of laurels for his bravery—but who thinks to bestow a crown upon, or parade the noble daring of the poor girl who, resisting all temptation to wrong, amidst biting want and startling destitution, maintains the integrity of her character, and vindicates the honor of her sex ; when but the slightest yielding would clothe her in gay attire, and send want shivering from her door. There is a heroism in all this before which the flush of triumph fades from the soldier's cheek. Maria was not only a victim to the meretricious attentions of the manager of the theatre in which she was engaged, but also the object of the same kind of attentions from the moustachoeed things, mis-named gentlemen, who affect such mighty airs in the side boxes. One of these apologies for a man, named F. W., had been more persevering in his attentions than the rest, and, to a certain extent, more successful than them all. His personal appearance was unexceptionable, and his manners easy and graceful ; but he was an apt scholar in the worst school of design, and thought that there was no glory equal to that of overcoming what he was pleased to term, the squeamishness of the opposite sex. Accident one night produced an acquaintance between him and Maria, which all the stratagems him had before employed had failed to bring about. Leaving the theatre one winter's night, and for the first time she had done so alone, F—— rescued her from the clutches of some rowdy youths, who, in a drunken frolic, mistaking

her for one of another character, interrupted her progress home. For this opportune service which F—— with apparent generosity rendered, Maria was grateful, and confidently accepted his escort to her humble dwelling. He was too well versed in his arts to proffer more than distant and polite civilities to her on her way home ; for, as he said to his friends, he did not wish to frighten the hare with the sight of the net until he could fairly entangle the game in its meshes. This incident occurred in about a year after Maria's engagement at the —— Theatre, and at a time when she had become the most attractive card the manager held in his hand. F—— did not fail to take advantage of this accident to call upon Maria the next day, to assure himself, as he remarked, that she had not suffered from the fright of the evening before. Maria introduced the stranger to her mother, who warmly expressed her gratitude for the services rendered to her daughter.

“ Don't name it, my dear madam,” said F——. “ I should of course have fled to the rescue of any female situated as Miss —— ; but, I assure you, it gave unusual energy to my determination when I saw who was the object of the assault. For I have been too pleasantly impressed with the modest bearing and exquisite grace of Miss —— on the boards of the —— Theatre not to feel anxious to relieve her from any difficulty which would cause not only me, but public generally, to regret her absence from her duties for a single evening.”

This compliment was paid with such apparent earnestness and sincerity that F—— quite won the mother's heart. Maria remained silent ; for, although not disposed in this instance, at least, to doubt the sincerity of the speaker, she had had so much experience of the hollowness and objects

of complimentary remarks made to actresses, that the words fell dead upon her ear. Again and again did F—— call at the house, and with undeviating punctuality occupy the private box on the O. P. side. He had too much cunning to proffer his services to see her home after the performance. He took good care not to *intrude* his attentions, and by this prudence, as might have been expected, he made greater advances into the good will of the unsuspecting Maria than he could possibly have effected by a bolder course of operations. So constant and respectful were his attentions, and so cunningly did he pursue his heartless designs, that fear gave way to confidence, and Maria began to feel a tender interest in her persevering admirer. F—— saw the advantage he had gained, but was well assured, at the same time, that he must still disguise the rottenness of his heart—and he even went so far as to speak of marriage. The mother was delighted at the idea of her daughter being placed in a situation above the necessity of depending upon the theatre for a living, and the poor girl was not the less happy at the prospect of being removed from associations which, in her heart, she abhorred. Six months had elapsed since he first became a constant visitor at the house, when he and Maria were seated in the little parlor one Sunday evening. F——, after professing the most ardent attachment, exclaimed, “Would to heaven I was in a situation to make you mine by the most solemn tie; but years must yet elapse, from the circumstances I have already told you, before I can follow the dictates of my heart.”

“Well, F——,” replied Maria, “unless you are afraid to trust your own affections, you need have no apprehensions with regard to mine; for so long as you remain worthy of my esteem, I am unalterably yours.”

"My dear girl, I have the utmost confidence in you; but why should so long a time be lost in useless wooings, if we have faith in each other. When we may—I say when we may——"

"What, F——," exclaimed Maria, with a startled expression.

"My—my dear girl, do not look so alarmed. I was not about to propose a separation, but a league—a bond of union which, though not sanctified by a useless ceremony, is, nevertheless, just as binding, when the affections are secure, and——"

He was about to proceed, when the indignant girl rose from her seat and hastily quitted the side of her recreant lover.

"This then, F——, is the end and aim of your boasted affection, the purpose of your long and now detested attentions. Thank heaven, I am undeceived ere it is too late."

"Nay, Maria, my angel, judge not too harshly——"

"Not another word, nor profane the name of love, for you know not, or ever felt its purity. What you call love is the poisonous miasma of a corrupt heart, which sullies and destroys whatever of affection comes within its withering influence."

"Will you hear me?" exclaimed T——.

"No, not another word. Go, sir, go to your boon companions, who will applaud your manly efforts to ruin a poor and unfortunate girl; go, but tell them for once you have been mistaken; that you have failed to destroy one you professed to love, that the humble hearth, sacred to domestic love and purity, which you would have rendered desolate and sad, to me and to the fond mother who bore me, is still free from sin and blemish."

With this parting remark, delivered in a tone of lofty indignation, Maria left the room. As soon as she was gone, F—— put his hat upon his head, and, with a loud whistle, partly in derision and partly in chagrin at his want of success, departed.

Poor Maria!—what language can describe the agony which filled her soul at the base duplicity of which she had been the victim. Had busy rumor filled her ears with stories of her lover's baseness, she might not have believed, or if entertaining them for a moment, would have listened to her lover's version, and been convinced. But there could be no mistake here. She had from his own mouth the bold confession of his profligacy, and affection had no jutting point on which to cling. It was no idle rumor, no busy neighbor's scandalous invention, but an agonizing, uncontrovertible truth, which doubt could not relieve or hope shed one ray of comfort to soften or destroy. She rushed to her mother's arms, and there in that sacred retreat, sobbed out the story of her woe. The mother, with that tact which none but a woman and a mother knows how to use, congratulated her rather upon the good escape she had had from the stratagem of a villain than condoled for the loss of her lover, appealed to her pride, and bade her banish from her thoughts one who had proved himself so unworthy of a place in her remembrance. But Maria could not banish one from her heart, at a moment's notice, who had filled it so completely, and for so long,—even if she could, the vacancy would have been as pregnant of sorrow as its unworthy occupancy. It is more satisfactory to battle with a present unworthy antagonist than fight with a shadow of the past. She could not but think of him, although from that night, as though by mutual consent, neither mo-

ther or daughter ever mentioned the hated name of F——, W——. A change came over Maria. She who had hated the profession she only adopted by necessity, now displayed an earnestness in its pursuit, and an ambition to shine in its exercise, which not only surprised her companions at the theatre, but attracted the approving notice of the stage manager. She had resolved to be an actress and win distinction, if close attention and earnest application could accomplish it. Not for a mine of wealth would she have taken F—— W—— to her affections again. No repentance could wipe from her memory the bitter truth he had himself revealed. She entertained for him the most unutterable contempt, and yet it was for him she studied hard, it was for him she wasted the weary hours of midnight to overcome the difficulties which lay in the way of her ambition; not, however, to share with him the result of her labors, but to show him that the poor ballet girl he rejected, despised, and insulted had that within worth loving and respecting. Her faults seemed to have been sharpened by the event we have recorded, as surely as her application was heightened and more steady. What little parts she was entrusted with were always carefully committed, and certain of her author, she acquired confidence in giving effect to his meaning, which soon began not only to win the approbation of the audience, but the consideration of the manager. He found he had a gem in his casket which had been too long slighted, and he determined that its lustre should be no longer hidden. He gave her a prominent part in a new extravaganza which he was about to produce. This fortune, so highly prized by Maria, was not without its alloy. The other girls who had been occupying the same degree in the theatre with our heroine,

and who, until now, had been her warm friends, were envious of her advancement, and did all they could to make her nervous and uncomfortable in her undertaking. But she had a purpose to fulfil which they knew not, and if they had, would scarcely have comprehended. Many months had now elapsed since her last interview with F—— W——, and she had not once seen him during all that time. His friends, who had also *their* little purposes to fulfil, were almost nightly the occupants of the same box, and she felt he would be apprised in some way or other of her advancement.

The night at length arrived for the extravaganza, upon which so much depended for poor Maria. The part, that of a young prince, with which she was entrusted, required various accomplishments—for almost all the members of extravaganza royal families must dance, sing, and fight. The prince, in this instance, was no exception; on the contrary, he was rather fonder of dancing than princes usually are, and as for singing and fighting, he did them both at the same time. No one but an actor can form the remotest idea of what feelings stage fright is made up of. We have seen men after twenty years' experience so affected with it that they seemed not only to have lost all sense of their author, but of themselves into the bargain. We, of course, have never experienced it; but we have frequently seen it in others, and should judge it was a compound of catalepsy, syncope, epilepsy, and paralysis—mixed with a decided tendency to suicide. Maria was firmer than we expected to see her; for we watched her narrowly at the side-scenes. Her cue was given, and on she went. She was dressed superbly; and her dashing appearance, independent of the feelings the pitites took in her success, in-

sured her a splendid reception. During the continuance of the applause, she had a little time to recover, and the few first sentences she spoke gave assurance to her friends that all was right. She achieved a great triumph; and from that night forward was the favorite of the —— Theatre.

On the second night of the representation of the piece the house was filled to repletion; we watched Maria's entrée: she was even more warmly received than the night before; but a sudden cloud seemed to overspread her face, and we thought for a moment that the brilliant house, drawn by her success of the night previous, had overcome her and would mar her acting; but the cloud passed in a moment, and her beautiful face seemed to shine with unusual radiance. We were not long in divining the cause of her momentary embarrassment, and the excitement which followed. F—— W——, who had returned from the South the day before, sat in his old place in the private box. We watched him narrowly. He never took his eyes from Maria when she was on the stage. He neither laughed when others did, nor applauded when the whole house was ringing with approbation. There was a mingled expression of shame and mortification which all his affected indifference could not hide. Here was the girl he had so cruelly insulted, now the admired of all admirers, who had achieved by her own exertions both fame and position, the town's talk, and the town's admiration; whilst he, with all the advantages he possessed, still continued the contemptible nothing he had ever been. He had lived to feel his inferiority to the humble ballet girl, whose purity he would so heartlessly have defiled. Maria was called out at the end of the piece, as though the people in front were secretly aiding to increase her triumph on this particular occasion. But now came the reaction. Scarcely

had she reached her dressing-room, when she was 'attacked with an hysteric fit, which lasted for two or three hours, and prevented her appearance for several nights. We cannot say, but can imagine, what F—— W——'s feelings were when he left the theatre that night. Even in his anger and disappointment at the reply he got to his first infamous proposition, he must have felt a profound respect for the indignant girl ; for we do not think the most debauched *roue* that ever lived is ever entirely insensible to the beauty and dignity of true virtue. Either from a feeling of repentance, or more probably from a determination to gain possession of his object at any sacrifice, F—— wrote a very penitent letter to Maria, and, with an apparent frankness, confessed his error ; he intimated that he was ready at any moment to seal his vows at the altar, in token of his sincerity. Her proud, insulting lover was at her feet ; but this humble attitude gained no relenting pity from the angered girl ; she looked upon him with scorn, and did not deign even a reply to his supplications. Again and again did he write, but the same silent contempt met his every effort. He watched as she left her house, and stood near the stage door at night when she left the theatre, but no opportunity was given of speaking to her. She was now under the escort of a gentleman worthy of the confidence reposed in him. F——, at length, became disheartened, and she saw him no more. In seeking for opportunities to see Maria, F—— had so neglected his duties to his employers, and had acquired such habits of dissipation, that he had no longer their confidence, and was discharged from their employ. It is not our purpose to trace this man down in his career ; suffice to say that his descent was very rapid, and that the last time we saw him was in Centr

Street, New York, filling a very humble situation, and exhibiting in his face and appearance the unmistakeable evidence of a life of debauchery and dissipation. Maria received honorable proposals of marriage from the gentleman who so effectually protected her from the assiduous efforts of F—— W—— to speak to her, and accepted his hand. He was a merchant, well to do in the world, and could support his wife in affluence without any exertion on her part. They only waited the close of the season for which Maria was engaged, to solemnize their vows. The time soon came round, and the happy pair were united; and at this time, seven years from the marriage, we venture to say there is not a better regulated household in the world, a happier man and wife, and a small family of children better cultured than those which have sprung from the union of the good ballet girl and the prosperous merchant.

MISS GROVE.

THE frequenters of the Park will remember, some fifteen years ago, the appearance of a young lady upon the boards of that theatre, who played for one week with eminent success, and then suddenly disappeared from the scenes of her triumphs. Her name was Grove. This sudden exit was the more remarkable, inasmuch, although unheralded, she created an immense sensation by the brilliancy and beauty of her acting. Accustomed as the Park audiences were at that time to witness the performances of some of the best actors in the world, it required no ordinary ability to gratify their cultivated taste. Miss Grove had the good fortune to satisfy them. It was with much difficulty Mr. Simpson could be induced to give her an opportunity of appearing upon the boards of the Park, and when it is considered that she came here without introduction of any kind, an entire stranger to Mr. Simpson, either in person or reputation, it is not to be wondered at that he should hesitate to make an engagement. She left London very suddenly, from circumstances which we will presently explain; she came to New York without knowing a soul in the United States, save an uncle, who had neither a taste for, nor an interest in theatrical matters. We became by mere accident acquainted with Miss Grove, and learning from her her determination to appear on some stage or other in New York, we volunteered to assist her, and did finally succeed in arranging with Mr. Simpson for one week, her remuneration to be a benefit on the last night of her appearance. She

was announced for Juliet, Mr. Mason, Fanny Kemble's cousin, being the Romeo of the evening. The personal appearance of Miss Grove was exceedingly interesting and well calculated to make a pleasant first impression. On the first night of her appearance she was received by a full house, with that kindness which always distinguishes the New York audiences in their reception of strangers. She had not spoken many speeches, however, when a round of enthusiastic applause acknowledged her merits and powers as an actress. We shall never forget the enthusiasm she created in the balcony scene. It was one of the most delicately and beautifully expressed scenes ever rendered upon the Park stage. In short, from the beginning to the end of the tragedy, she achieved the most signal triumphs. She was loudly called for before the curtain, and, appearing, gracefully acknowledged the compliment. The most intense curiosity was excited in relation to her. Who was she? where did she come from? But nobody could tell. On the following night she appeared in Fazio, and still more strongly confirmed the favorable impression made on her first night. She played through the week with eminent success, her benefit was well attended, and she completed her brief engagement, well established in public favor.

Now for the reasons of her sudden departure from New York. It appears that a Mr. Y—d, a lessee of one of the minor theatres in London, paid his addresses to Miss Grove, which, however, were received with great disfavor by her parents, who absolutely refused to countenance the intimacy. Miss Grove, despairing of gaining a parental authority for an attachment she warmly reciprocated, resolved to seek in the United States that peace and repose which was denied her at home. Mr. Y. learned whither she had fled,

and in a few days after she left England, he followed her. He arrived in New York on the Sunday following the completion of her engagement at the Park. They were married in the evening, and on Monday morning, both set sail for England. Some seven or eight years after this, we visited England, and had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Y— on the boards of the Haymarket Theatre. There was little of the Juliet left in her appearance; she looked, though the nurse would have been a better caste.

CRUMMLES HUMBUGGED;

OR CHARITY MISPLACED.

ONE night a poor but lovely maiden sought the shades of the Olympic hall. While seated there, the eye of him, whose duty it was to stop all who had no business on the stage, fell upon her. A dismal groan greeted his ear, and looking round, he saw the maiden fair upon the stairs leading to the place where mirth and jollity spread good nature o'er all. "What is the matter?" he kindly asks.

"Oh!" she echoed back; "the pain! Oh! what a pain I have!—the cold."

And cold it was, for as she spoke, a blast from boreas swept by the man. He trembled, and quickly thought of the remedy he had had already for the same complaint, and hurried to Scarf's, next door, and with trembling lips called for a brandy sling. "Another—quick! It is not for me but a sweet lady, who, with pain, has fell beneath our portico, and you, George, if you are a philanthropist, aid me now."

Away they went, and Crummles too, who had heard all that passed. George Scarf first broke silence—"What is the matter, good woman?" And with the assistance of Charles, they raised the prostrate woman to her feet.

"The cold has chilled me through; and I have no home," and as she continued her story, the tears rolled in torrents from her beautiful eyes.

"Where have you slept," he asked, "if you have no home?"

"In Wall Street, beneath a broker's stoop," answered she, with sobs.

"But drink this sling," said Crummles, and with bashful air he turned his head at the thought of asking a woman to do such a thing. He held the toddy forth, she grasped it and at a single gulp the toddy disappeared. The governor smacked his lips, and thought neither substance or quantity were strangers to the road; and yet he reproached himself for thinking so, and laid all to the pain she suffered.

"You say you have no home—come, don't cry—dry up your tears." And poor complacent thing, she did as she was bid.

At this period two strangers stopped and looked on, and then exclaimed, "An impostor! Pooh! I would not give her a cent—come, let us go."

Scarf could not stand this—"What?" cried he, "she an impostor? Why, she has been shedding tears of distress. She is suffering pain, and if you will not give her a cent I will give her fifty of them," and suiting the action to the word, pulled out half a dollar from his pocket, and as he placed it in her hand, and, as we thought, gave her a very philanthropic squeeze. Old Crummles now came forward, and with ready hand plunged into his pocket and out again, placed into her hands a handful of silver; but we did not observe that Crummles squeezed her hand. Now Tom was a fellow who threw light upon many *acts* performed at that period in the neighborhood. Crummles asked him to procure a bed.

"For two," innocently asked Tom.

"No, you scamp; for this poor half-frozen woman. Come, don't weep—we will soon provide you with food and fire—but business calls—Tom, take her down and have her cared for."

She was sent down and cared for—the pain soon left her, and a warm supper filled its place. Now the kind woman of the house provides a bed for the unfortunate stranger. Whilst thus engaged the unfortunate woman counts her gains.

“Oh, kind Madam,” she cried, “don’t make a bed for me; my pain is better, and I will go away.”

The lady smiled, for she thought her suspicions were coming true, and that it would soon be seen that Scarf, Crummles, and Tom, were humbugged completely. To make our story short, we will confess the humbug—it was a joke designed to take in the knowing ones.

Hal Grundly, feeling pretty fine one night at Jack Martin’s Broadway House, the conversation turned on Mitchell, and as the bottle passed and the joke went round, Martin declared there were two people, Crummles and George Scarf, who could not be taken in by any trick.

“I’ll bet,” says Hal, “a basket of champagne that I humbug the pair.”

“When?”

“Between this and to-morrow night.”

“Done,” cried Jack.

And he did—for the female with the pain was no other than the famous Hal. How well he performed his part we leave the reader to judge. Jack was satisfied and paid the bet.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

WE had the honor one night at the Olympic of seeing a literary phenomenon—a successful dramatic author ; we had never seen one of these extraordinary individuals before—during the first representation of a new farce. The happy gentleman we allude to was at the theatre on the awful night at a very early hour. He was up-stairs and down-stairs—now in the pit—then in the boxes—as though he were invoking the spirits of the place to tickle the expected audience into merriment and good humor. As the audience came dropping in, our author, with an involuntary politeness, touched his hat to them, and smiled with a do be-seated kind of an expression, which must have been very flattering to the boxites and the pitites, in spite of their being a little bothered to know why the gentleman was so extremely courteous. Well, at length the time came—the bell rung—the author sweats great drops of anxiety—and the curtain went up. During the performance of the first scene we only caught an occasional glimpse of the author, as he popped his head from behind one of the box-pillars, to take a squint at the folks around him. We pitied him sincerely—what agony he endured ! Our attention was now directed to the stage for a short time. We again turned to take a view of the author. How changed. Instead of cringing behind a post, there he stood out in bold relief, arms folded, head erect, lips compressed, looking a sort of Napòleon of a composite order. The truth is, the audience had given the most unequivocal signs of approba-

on, and the piece and the author were saved. When the curtain fell upon the successful farce, the author was seen for a moment with head bent, sucking the last lingering drop of applause. He was next seen embracing all his friends and acquaintances in front, and then all those behind the scenes who had anything, however remotely, to do with his piece. He was wild with joy—in a perfect paroxysm of pleasant agony. The last we saw of him he was waving hands violently with the tail of his coat, and congratulating himself on the success of his farce.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DEAD HIT.—“ You ought to make a good living by your jokes,” said Mitchell, to ‘ Billy Villiams, of the Vells,’ one day. “ Why so,” inquired the latter. “ Because,” replied the manager, “ your puns are all *fun-dead* property.” Williams never was funny again, at least whenever we saw him on the stage.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.—“ Suppose some scoundrel were to run you through the body, Billy,” said Mitchell to Williams, “ what trade or profession would he belong to.” “ Can’t possibly say,” was the reply. “ A *Bill-sticker* to be sure,” said Mitchell.

A PROPHET AT FAULT. — Mundy, the Prophet, as he was called at one time, used to preach against theatres, and entertained the Quixotic idea of converting all the managers to his particular faith. On one occasion, he went to the Arch-Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and inquired at the box-office for Mr. Burton. The Call-boy was the only person in the office at the time, and he, knowing the character of the inquirer, did not choose to answer him satisfactorily, until he had indulged his own curiosity by putting a few queries

to the Prophet. "What do you want with Mr. Burton?" said the boy.—"I am sent on an important mission, to save this soul from utter ruin, and I must see the man of sin," replied the Prophet.—"Who sent you?" asked the boy.—"The Lord of Hosts!" blasphemously exclaimed Mundy. "Then it is a pity the Lord of Hosts did not know that Mr. Burton is in New York, and has been for a week;" and with that the door of the office was shut in the Prophet's face. "*Sic transit gloria Mundy!*"

A GOOD HIT.—Mr. Mitchell was quite famous in his palmy days for the readiness and wit of his speeches, when suddenly called upon by any incident occurring in front of the curtain. We well remember on one occasion, that of Mr. Raymond's benefit, when some persons in the pit, to whom this gentleman had rendered himself somewhat unpopular, took the opportunity of offering him a public insult, by throwing a calf's head upon the stage, just as the curtain was descending. The more generous part of the audience called for Mr. Raymond; but, hurt by the circumstance which had occurred, he hastened to his dressing-room and would not come out. The uproar continuing, Mr. Mitchell appeared before the curtain, and thus addressed the audience:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Mr. Raymond not being in a condition to appear before you, wishes me to thank you sincerely for the kindness of your attendance here this evening, and to assure you he will always gratefully remember, and particularly the gentleman who has so kindly left his portrait upon the stage."

We need scarcely say this reproof was received with roars of laughter and applause.

PLAY-BILLS.—When Mitchell first opened the Olympic Theatre, and indeed for several years afterwards, his bills were among the most amusing and spicy things which he did. We have seen the audiences at the Olympic, before the curtain went up, in roars of laughter at the humorous character of the bills each one made a point of reading when he was fairly seated. Not only were the serious pieces of other establishments burlesqued, but their very announcements, &c.—“Look at this and then at t’other.”

BOWERY THEATRE.

Brilliant Success of

THE FAIRY SPELL!

A magnificent Operatic Romance, with New Scenery, New Dresses,
New Machinery, New Decorations, and New Ballets,
produced at an expense of

MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

The Scenery entirely new, and painted on
31,000 square feet of canvas!

HAS BEEN THREE MONTHS IN PREPARATION!

In consequence of the length of time the New Spectacle will occupy in representation, no other piece will be played on the same evening.

So much for “that,” now for “this.”

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Brilliant success of the Funny Nautical Burlesque of
BILLY TAYLOR,

Produced without an immense expense, the entire cost being
considerably under

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

The new scenery is painted on less than 30,000 square feet of
canvas, and has not been

MANY MONTHS IN PREPARATION.

N.B.—In consequence of this burlesque not being too long, three other pieces, and a variety of entertainments, will be played on the same evening.

The following announcement of Mitchell, in the character of Hamlet, in Hamlet Travestie, is a capital thing in its way.

The First Appearance of that not-at-all celebrated Tragedian,

 MR. MITCHELL, 

In the arduous, overpowering, philosophical, and awfully tremendous character of

 HAMLET, 

May be looked upon as an era of the dramatic annals of the present generation, and then again it may not. To say in the embodiment of this part, he displayed the solemnity and coach-horse style of JOHN PHILLIP KEMBLE, the overpowering majesty of TALMA, the grace and dignity of YOUNG, the head and front of

HAMBLIN, and the manly form and spirit of

FORREST, with the fire and energy

of the TWO KEANS,

would perhaps be considered as going it *a little too strong*—but it is not so—for it is a fact susceptible of the most ample proof that he did things which none of the above

CELEBRATED ARTISTS

ever attempted. If there exists in the Western World, one individual who doubts this, let that individual come, see, and *judge for himself*.

DOUGLASS JERROLD AND MR. MITCHELL.—When Mr. Mitchell went first up to London, he was engaged at the ——— Theatre, of which the celebrated Douglass Jerrold was the author. He was engaged as first low comedian. Soon after his connexion with the theatre, he was cast a subordinate part in a farce just presented by Mr. Jerrold. He went to the manager's office, and claimed his right upon the terms of his agreement to the first comedy part. He was informed that Mr. Kirby had been cast for the part, and that he was expected to play

the one which had been allotted him. He firmly declined. Mr. Jerrold was indignant, and the contumacious actor was sent for to confront the irate author in the manager's room. The character in dispute was called *Wrags*. On Mr. Mitchell entering the room, Jerrold attacked him at once.

"So, sir," said he, "you decline the character assigned you?"

"I do, sir, most positively."

"Humph! It is really come to a pretty pass, that an unknown provincial actor should come up here and show humors and caprices about parts. The profession will soon go to the devil, if such impertinence is tolerated."

"Look, sir," said Mr. Mitchell, "you must talk to me and treat me as a gentleman, or I shall convince you through the medium of your nose that you have made a serious mistake in the man you would so gratuitously insult."

"Nonsense, sir! I'll write you down, sir; I'll be revenged, sir, depend upon it!"

"No, doubt," said Mitchell, very quietly, "you will be amply revenged, for you will live to see me in *Wrags*, and be glad of it."

The hit was too palpable, and Jerrold too fond of wit to let his personal pique prevent its recognition, so, running across the room, he seized Mitchell by the hand, shook it heartily, and said he should play the part. Fortunate for Mr. Jerrold that the "provincial actor" did play it, for through the genius of Mr. Mitchell, the piece run over one hundred and fifty nights.

ON the occasion of Mr. Mitchell's benefit at the National after his row with Elliot, the husband of Madame Celeste

a wreath of onions, turnips, and carrots was thrown to him, accompanied by the following verses :—

ADDRESS TO THE STAGE MANAGER.

In times of old, as legend says,
Merit received a crown of bays ;
The wreath we to thy merit yield,
Are treasures from a native field ;
Let it adorn thy brow to-night,
When an array of beauty bright,
Yields the reward to merit due,
A meed so richly earned by you.

What though it boasts no flowerets fair,
'Tis as a wreath more rich and rare ;
And though no gold it can display,
Yet many *carrots* it will weigh.
Thus blending ornament with use,
'Twill many benefits produce,
Which if our wish be understood,
Will as to nights "*turn-up*" as good.

March 25, 1839.

THE END.

